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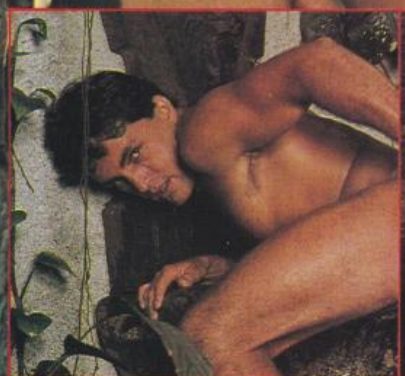

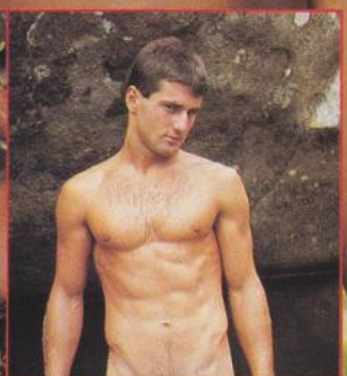

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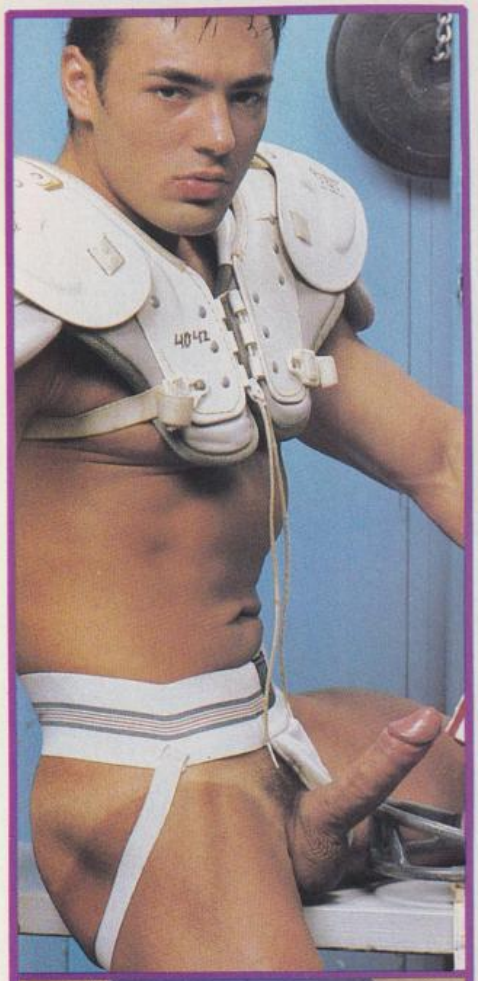

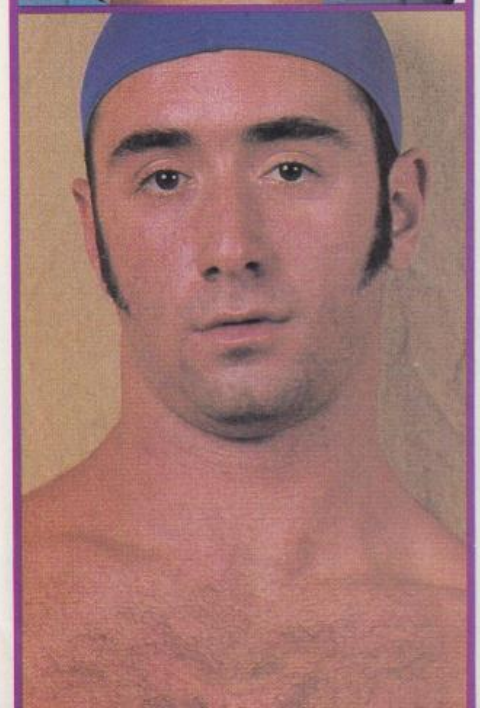

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STAFF

PUBLISHER / D. CONIGLIO

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PHOTOGRAPHY NAAKKVE

What was it the horny security guard wanted?

A MUSEUM PIECE

BY RUSS GREGGSON

I'd always thought it'd be a real thrill to make it with a security guard. Perhaps it was the uniform that turned me on, or more likely the element of danger. Sex had generally been a pretty tender experience for me: rainy afternoons of quiet sucking and slow fucking, long evening of soft kissing and

The bulge in his pants was more prominent than before, and as my eyes met his he reached down to adjust his crotch. He looked like the type who'd bite my nipples off, gnaw the head of my cock till it was all bruised and sore, and then fuck me like a runaway pile driver.

touching, but deep down inside me there was that wish for something a little wilder, a bit of roughhousing in the sack, a wish to be dominated by some big soldier or cop.

Take the young guard downtown at the library. He's a giant of a guy, about six-six, I'd think. At least he's lots taller than me and I'm six-one. One night I sort of followed him around, hoping to get a chance to strike up a conversation and get a lead on his lusts, or find out some pertinent information, but he was a master at ignoring my overtures. Finally when the place was about to close a girl came along and the way she kissed him I'm pretty sure she wasn't his sister.

What a disappointment, because a guy that tall's just gotta have a flagpole for a cock, though I could never get an eyeful of anything in his crotch. I figured it was maybe so long he had to keep it taped up between his legs or even plugged into his butt all day. At any rate I never got him, but I must tell you about the big one I *did* get up in Niagara Falls, or should I say the big one who got me?

Last summer I had only a few days off so I decided to take a drive up to the Honeymoon Capital of the world. Don't ask me why, because it's an awful tourist trap, but I suppose everyone has to see that big gusher at least once in a lifetime.

If you've been there you know that the place is a fool's paradise. Every street has at least ten different ways to separate you from your money, so for a tightwad like me it was a real comedy show. It was a thrill just watching the expressions of satisfaction on people's faces after they'd forked over ten bucks to look at a bunch of wax figures or to gawk at a junkyard full of battered barrels that'd been sent over the Falls.

I thought I'd seen everything until I came across "The Museum of Used Kleenexes and Hankies." Big garish posters enticed me with life-sized likenesses of Jackie O and Hitler. The admission was only five bucks so I figured I might as well give it a whirl just to see how far folks would stoop in their efforts to grab the almighty dollar.

I bought my ticket in the gift shop from a little old lady who presided over cases displaying lucite blocks. Inside the blocks were sealed bloody kleenexes, ink-stained scraps of paper, and other strange items. To get into the museum I had to pass in front of the security guard, a big dark-haired, swarthy guy with wide-set eyes and a bushy black mustache. Our eyes met as we passed. I glanced down politely, then back again. He was still staring at me so I smiled and said, "Nice day." He nodded and kept staring but didn't say anything.

The large room had been divided into long glass-walled corridors. On tables behind the windows were white plaster busts and in front of each was a black plastic tray on which rested the kleenex or hanky. The first was a bust of Elvis and in front was an ordinary white kleenex that looked a little wilted around the edges. Pasted to the glass was a small index card. "This kleenex was used by the young rock singer Elvis to wipe the sweat

CONTINUED TO PAGE 74

ALEXANDE

IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN HIS SEXUAL DREAM AND FANTASY TO SHARE THE COMRADESHIP AND BUDDY-LIKE ATMOSPHERE OF THE MILITARY.

A SOLDIER *OF THE LEGION*

I had just finished reading a book about the French Foreign Legion, and I turned out the light to go to sleep. Those guys sure lead exciting lives, I thought to myself. Of course, I could never be anything like them. But still, it's interesting to fantasize about. I knew I needed a good night's sleep so I would be in good form for another boirng day at my tedious office job. As I dozed off, I thought about taking my upcoming vacation in France. And—just maybe—I would check out the Legion headquarters at Aubagne—out of curiosity of course.

Suddenly I found myself at the forbidding entrance outside the gate looking up at the sign *"Legion Etrangere"*. They didn't seem to be offering guided tours or anything like that, so I had to find some other way to get in. I went into one of the local bars which I *somehow* knew was frequented by Legion soldiers. I must have been led there by my uncanny instinct for Military men!

I seemed to be the only civilian in the place. The bar was full of tough-looking guys with their shirt-sleeves rolled up to reveal tattooed biceps. And every one of them had the distinctive *boule-zero* (literally "zero-head") haircut of the Legion.

Some of them snickered when I nervously walked in, and their conversations ceased while they sized me up. I sat down very self-consciously and ordered a Kronenbourg beer, which was what all the soldiers were drinking. I tried not to stare, but I couldn't help being attracted to their rough masculinity. Their conversations resumed promptly and I was ignored, to my great relief. Some of their shirts were completley soaked with sweat, while others just had wet circles around the armpits. One muscular guy had his shirt off. He was very sexy in a rough sort of way, but like the others, he took very little notice of me. He was gazing out the window, perhaps dreaming of the desert. The temperature was in the high

Others, preferring not to wait their turn at my busy mouth, would plunge their hard rods into my ass, and pound their muscular bodies against my butt, until I was filled up with hot, strong, military man-juice at both ends.

BY ALAN BERDAN

He stroked his giant-sized cock with his hand for a little while, and it increased to even bigger proportions, while my mouth watered and my own dick stiffened in my pants. He let me lick his huge tool all over and eat the sweat off his balls.

eighties, and the humidity about the same. The beer lowered my inhibitions and soon I began to relax in the steamy atmosphere, and sneak glances at individual soldiers.

As I looked around the room from one hunky soldier to another, I honestly couldn't pick out which one I liked the best (just *supposing* I somehow had a chance to spend a night with one of them). Then I wondered what it would be like to have all of them at once. I could just picture myself surrounded by this entire platoon, each one stripping naked while I did everything in my power to give them all the pleasure I could. My expert lips would eagerly suck their erect dicks and I would gratefully lap up every drop of delicious soldier-cum. Others, preferring not to wait their turn at my busy mouth, would plunge their hard rods into my ass, and pound their muscular bodies against my butt, until I was filled up with hot, strong, military man-juice at both ends.

Then it would be my turn for satisfaction, and I would pick out one of the best of them, who would kneel down and give me a super blow-job, while I ran my hands over his close-shaved neck and muscular shoulders. Then we would all sit around drinking beer, satiated with sex and enjoy the warm feelings of comradeship that resulted from our physical intimacies.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up into the smiling face of a big, handsome Legionnaire in full uniform. I could tell by the two stripes on his sleeve that he was a corporal (or *caporal*, to use the French term). I gestured for him to sit down, and he signalled the waiter to bring us two more beers. My French was a bit rusty, but I somehow managed to communicate to him my fascination with the Legion, and I, in turn, understood most of what he said. We didn't really need to talk, as it turned out—his body language was unmistakable, as he scratched his crotch, and undressed my body with his eyes. He bought me two more beers, and soon I was totally relaxed, and ready for some adventure. Little did I know what was in store for me!

He said that there was nothing much to see around there, just a dull museum, and some offices. If I wanted to see the *real* Legion—in action—I would have to visit the Fourth Foreign Regiment in a small town near Toulouse, called Castelnaudary, the center for basic training of recruits. That would be fascinating, I thought. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a slip of paper and said that it was a pass which I would have to sign. I eagerly signed it and handed it back to him. I could hardly wait to get to the base and have him show me around.

Next thing I knew, we were inside the barracks, at Castelnaudary (you know how abruptly scenes change in dreams). We seemed to be the only guys in the barracks, and it was exciting to be there in the company of a real soldier of the Legion. I thought to myself, "he's a very exciting guy, and I wouldn't mind having a little fun with him if only he was cleaner." I could smell his strong sweat and it somewhat repulsed me, even as his bulging biceps and animal magnetism attracted me. Oh well, I'm just here to learn about the Legion, not to get involved in any wild sex scenes. I'll just enjoy this little tour and go back home with my curiosity satisfied, if nothing else. He spoke French all the time, of course, and sometimes it was difficult for me to keep up.

Suddenly there was a loud knock on the door, and my new buddy told me to hide, so I climbed under one of the bunks. I understood that it was the MPs, and they had been alerted that there was a civilian on the base. The corporal assured them that he hadn't seen me. After they left, he said that I was in big trouble, and that if the MPs caught me in there, they would march me straight off to jail.

All at once his attitude toward me changed, and he turned into an overbearing martinet. We were no longer *copains* (buddies). He made it clear that I was totally under his power, and that I had two choices: I could put myself under his protection, and do everything he said, or he would turn me in and I would go to the slammer. There was no other alternative. That was more than I had bargained for.

I noticed an open window and foolishly tried to make a break for it after looking both ways to make sure the MPs had gone, but he grabbed me with one hand and pushed me down into a chair. He was a big, muscular guy, in perfect condition. I was no match for him after years of a sedentary existence, and half-hearted exercise binges. His massive physique and authoritative tone put to rest all my hopes for escape.

Then he made me realize that I was about to become a Legionnaire. "Huh?" I asked out loud. Then he explained that the "pass" I had signed was really my induction paper! *I was now officially in the French Foreign Legion, and the penalty for desertion was 8 months in prison. Ah, merde!* (shit!) I thought (*at least* I was beginning to think in French!). "How am I going to get out of this one?" I didn't have much time to plan an escape. He ripped my shirt off and tossed it

aside. I struggled for a minute, but I soon realized that I was his prisoner and there wasn't a heck of a lot I could do about it.

I had heard stories of new recruits being forced to wipe the barrack floor with their tongues, but I knew that I didn't have to worry about that, because I soon discovered that he had other plans for my tongue. He took off his boots (*les Rangers*), and held them up so I could give them a good licking. When he put them back on, he seemed pleased with the job I had done.

He wasn't too bad-looking, I decided. He had a fantastic body, and his face was handsome in a rough sort of way like most good soldiers. Maybe I'll just play this by ear, and try to make the most of it.

He started pulling off his pants, and I soon realized what he had in mind for me next. When he exposed his giant-sized cock, my eyes just about popped, because it was the biggest one I'd ever seen! Its milky whiteness stood out in contrast to the brown-tanned skin of his black-furred belly. He stroked it with his hand for a little while, and it increased to even bigger proportions, while my mouth watered and my own dick stiffened in my pants. He let me lick his huge tool all over and eat the sweat of his balls. I had to stretch open my mouth to get all off his dick in. Then he suddenly turned around and stuck his ass right up against my face, and forced me to eat out his asshole while he jerked himself off.

He kept yelling at me to plunge my tongue in deeper. It was a little gross at first but once I got it thoroughly cleaned out, it wasn't so bad. Just as I was starting to enjoy it, he turned around suddenly and shoved his swollen dick into my mouth again, moaning with sexual ecstasy, just in time for me to catch his hot, thick load. "*Ah...mon dieu!*" he moaned, as his heavy globs of cream shot into my hungry mouth. I tried to catch most of it and savor the sweet, strong, masculine taste, but his king-size load made my cheeks bulge out like a chipmunk, and some of it dripped down from the corners of my mouth.

While I was rolling his delicious man-juice around on my tongue and swallowing it slowly, he took off his *kepi blanc* (white, cylindrical, peaked cap) and ran his hand over his short, bristly hair. He pointed to my long hair and indicated that it would all have to come off if I was going to look like a soldier of the Legion. I didn't have time to get used to that idea either. (Things were changing very quickly for me.) He found a pair of clippers, plugged them in and brought them towards the front of my head, and started mowing off my hair. I felt a slight thrill as I realized that my appearance was about to be radically changed, and I was helpless to prevent it. In about a minute he had taken it all off, right down to the roots. He held up a mirror so I could see what I looked like with my new military haircut, and I was so fucking horny I thought my cock was about to burst through my pants. I begged him to release it.

First he teased me a bit more by standing in front of me, scratching his hairy balls and flexing his muscles, and opening his shirt so I could get a tantalizing glimpse of the sweat glistening on his deeply-tanned, muscular chest. My eyes followed the line of black hair leading down his cock. I could feel a hot load building up in my balls. He got a beer from somewhere, and gulped it down noisily, allowing some of it to dribble down and mingle with the sweat on his chest. I was suddenly very thirsty. Then he decided to do me a favor, and expose my pent-up cock. Just as he released my stiff tool from its confining quarters, I shot off, right into his face! He wasn't impressed; in fact, he gave me a look of pure disgust and I knew I was in trouble. But, I couldn't help noticing that he licked some of my cum off his lips and moustache, and swallowed it.

Just to prevent another outburst like that from me, and to keep me quiet, he took off his shirt and put it over my head in such a way that the armpits were right under my nose and mouth. The strong,

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Just as he released my stiff tool from its confining quarters, I shot off right into his face! He wasn't impressed, but I couldn't help noticing that he licked some of my cum off his lips and moustache, and swallowed it.

pungent smell of his sweat was so overpowering that it made me dizzy and excited!

All this time I was vaguely aware that suddenly we weren't alone.

Then he stood there completely naked except for his *kepi blanc* and combat boots, as if deciding what to do with me next. His giant muscles turned me on and I decided that whatever was in store for me, it would be worth it, just for the pleasure of sticking around this big, sexy, exciting guy for awhile.

He stood with his hands on his hips, his long, muscular legs spread wide and his boots firmly planted on the floor, and then absent-mindedly scratched the shiny black fur on his chest. Then his hand travelled further down and scratched his balls and stroked his massive dick. When he noticed me licking my lips, he very kindly decided to give me the pleasure of tasting his huge, throbbing tool again. While I was giving it a thorough tongue-job, he suddenly pulled away as if he had gotten a bright idea. He asked me if I had made up my mind to become a Legionnaire yet (as if I had any choice at that stage). I nodded enthusiastically, "Yes!"

He untied me and smiled and gave me an affectionate head-rub, and then he said there was one more thing I needed if I wanted to look like one of them. Could I guess what it was? He pointed to the tattoo on his arm. Wait a minute, I thought. I'm not ready for anything so drastic. What will the folks back home think? Home! When will I ever see home again? Then it sank in that I might as well resign myself to my fate. It was no use trying to resist. He got a tattoo machine from somewhere, and plugged it in. As he brought it closer to my arm, the buzzing sound got louder, and increased my excitement, just as the hair-clippers had done earlier. I had a feeling of panic when I realized that I was about to be marked forever, and I was helpless to prevent it. Suddenly, a bunch of other young recruits appeared from nowhere. So, they had been watching all the time! Obviously, they had hidden when they heard the corporal approaching with me, the newest addition to their ranks.

They were all stripped to the waist, with beautiful, tanned, muscular bodies, and I noticed that they all had the same tattoo. One guy said something like, "Don't worry. Now you're going to be one of us." Since he put it that way, I lost my apprehension and relaxed while the big corporal went to work on my arm. The other recruits tried to distract me by teaching me the Legion song *"Le Boudin"*. They were of many different nationalities, and their halting attempts at French induced an immediate feeling of solidarity in all of us.

In a few minutes I had my tattoo. I felt more and more like a real soldier all the time. At first I couldn't see what the design was, because it was upside down, but I turned my arm to get a better look. There was a pair of wings, and a parachute symbol, with the initials 2 REP. I asked one of the other recruits what that meant, and he said, *"Deuxieme Regiment Etranger de Parachutistes"*. Uh, oh! that's just what I was afraid of! Suddenly I realized what was in store for me. I, who had always had a terror of the idea of jumping out of a plane, had somehow gotten into a situation where I was going to have to do just that. I was now headed for Camp Raffali on Corsica, the headquarters of the 2nd Foreign Parachute Regiment. "Oh shit", I mean *"Ah merde!"* I thought to myself. Why me?

At a signal from the corporal, the young recruits started removing their pants, and I realized with relief that my parachute trainng was going to be delayed for awhile. The next stage of my "initiation" was going to be more pleasant. The recruits lined up in front of me, and one by one I gave them expert blow-jobs, and almost satisfied my insatiable hunger for fresh young army-recruit cum (but I can never get enough!) One guy got behind me, spit on his hands and rubbed the spit into my asshole. Then he rubbed some spit onto his cock and plunged in. After he popped his nut, others took turns and soon I was filled to overflowing at both ends.

Before too long, they were all satisfied. One guy handed me a beer and I swallowed it in one gulp, but I didn't have much time to relax because just them an alarm sounded. Suddenly everybody was getting dressed in their combat uniforms and running out, so I too grabbed a uniform and started to put it on. Then, when all the other recruits had left, the corporal grabbed me, told me to wait, and got down on his knees in front of me. As I rubbed my hands back and forth over his close-cropped head, he licked and sucked my dick like a starving man. Then he lay down on his stomach and spread his legs wide, and said the first words of English I had heard him speak: "Fuck me!" So, I thought, the big, tough soldier wants to be fucked, eh? Okay, big guy—you got it! I spat on my dick and shoved it smoothly into his cock-hungry asshole. I could feel my cum-churning balls banging against his ripely-rounded ass, and I heard a growling coming from deep within him. I felt him bucking up to meet my thrusts, and in no time I shot my hot load into

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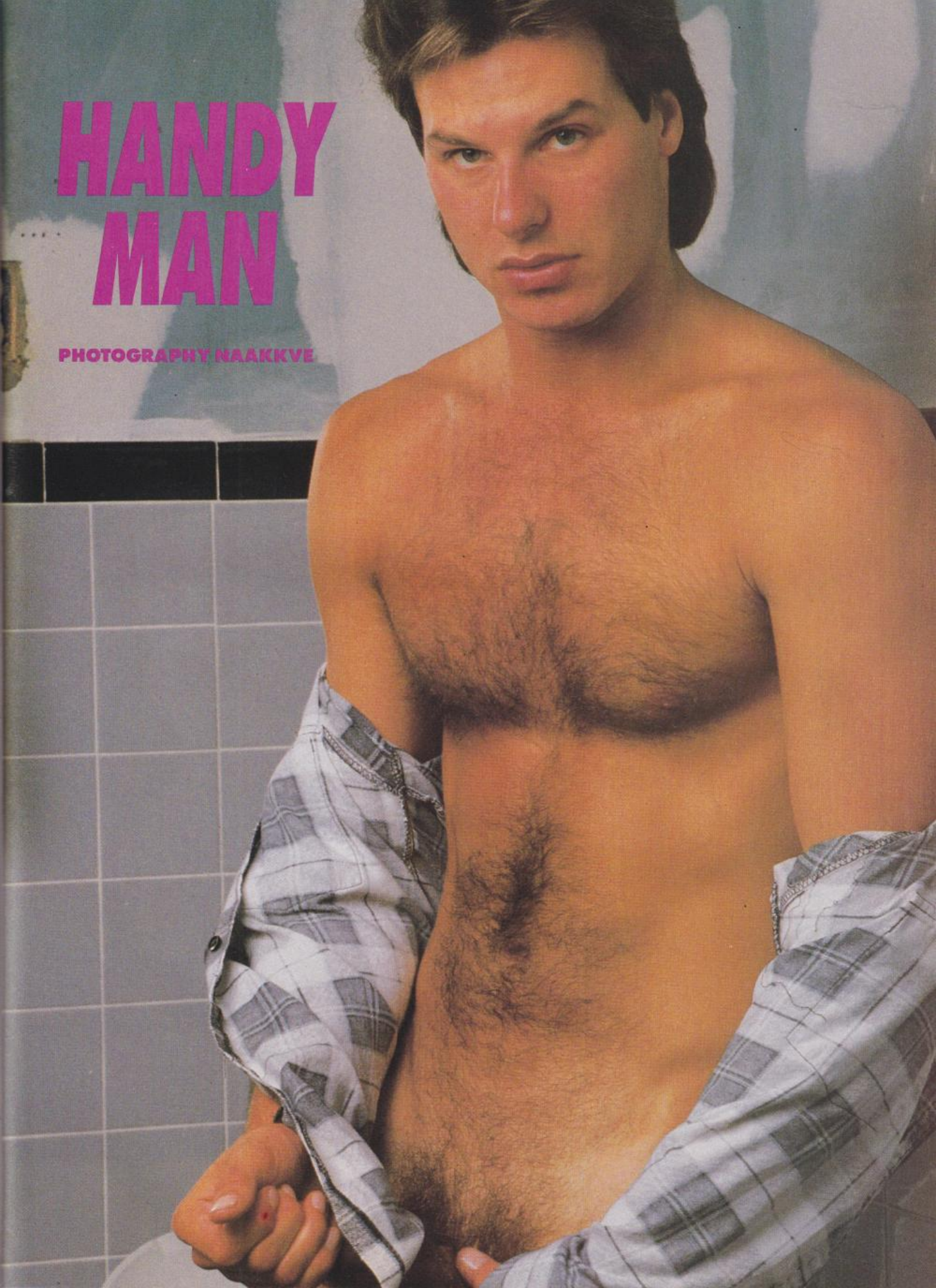
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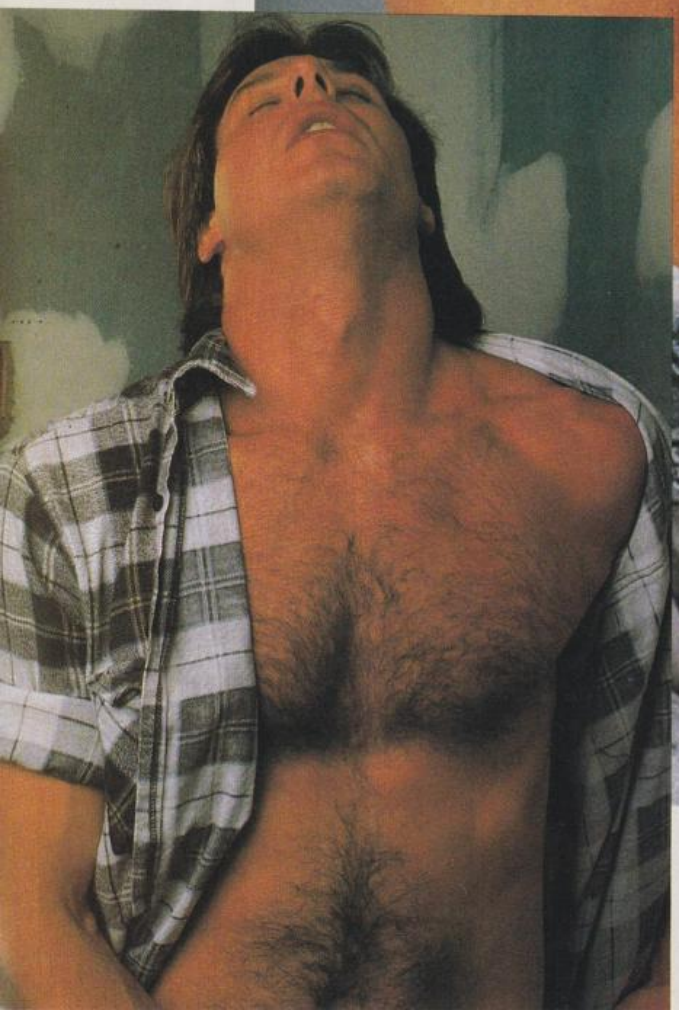
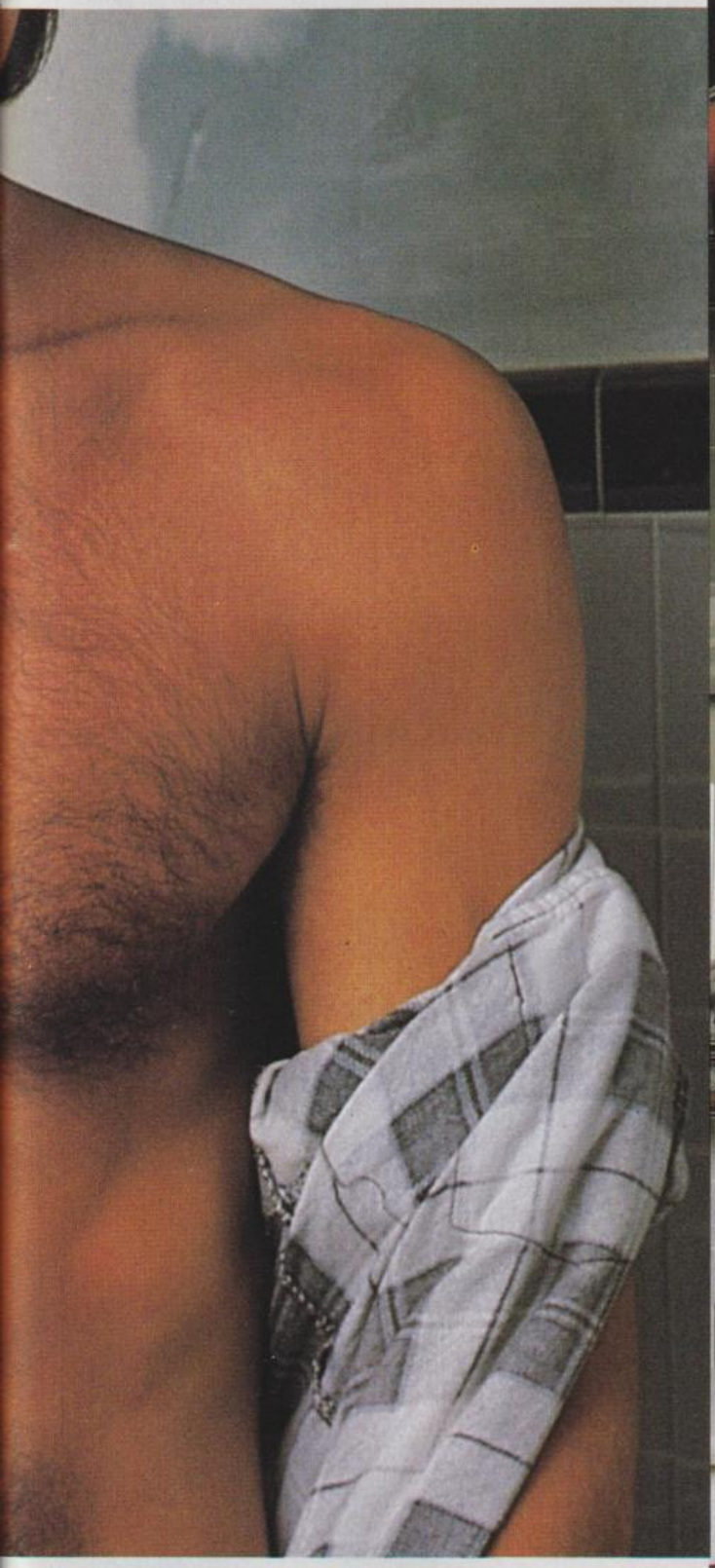
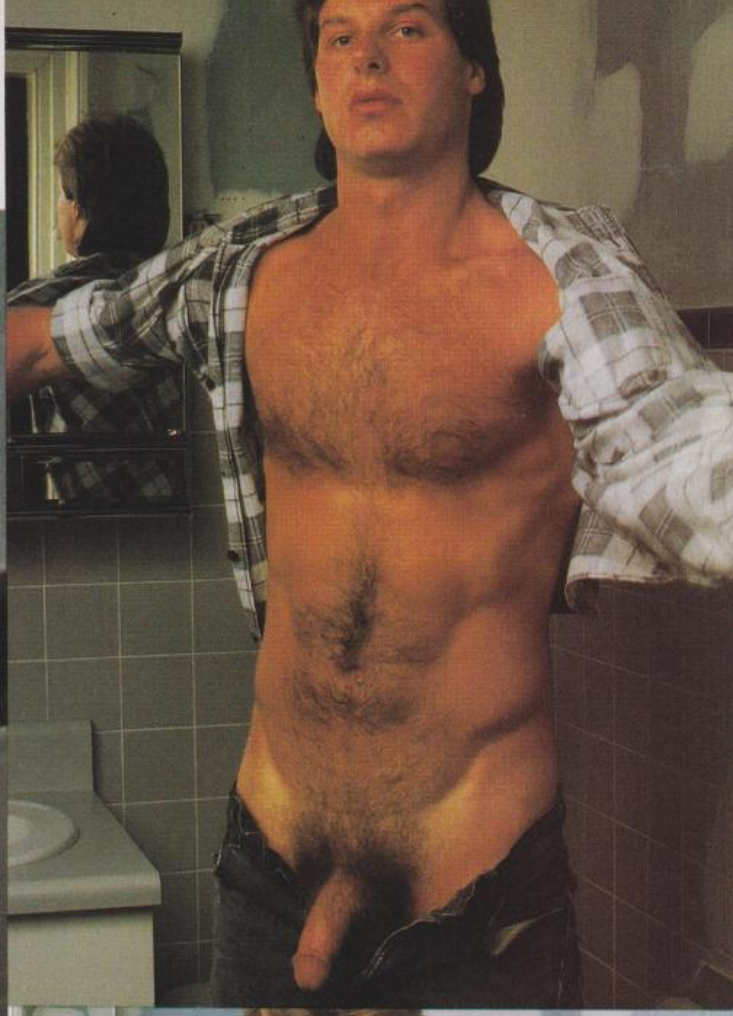
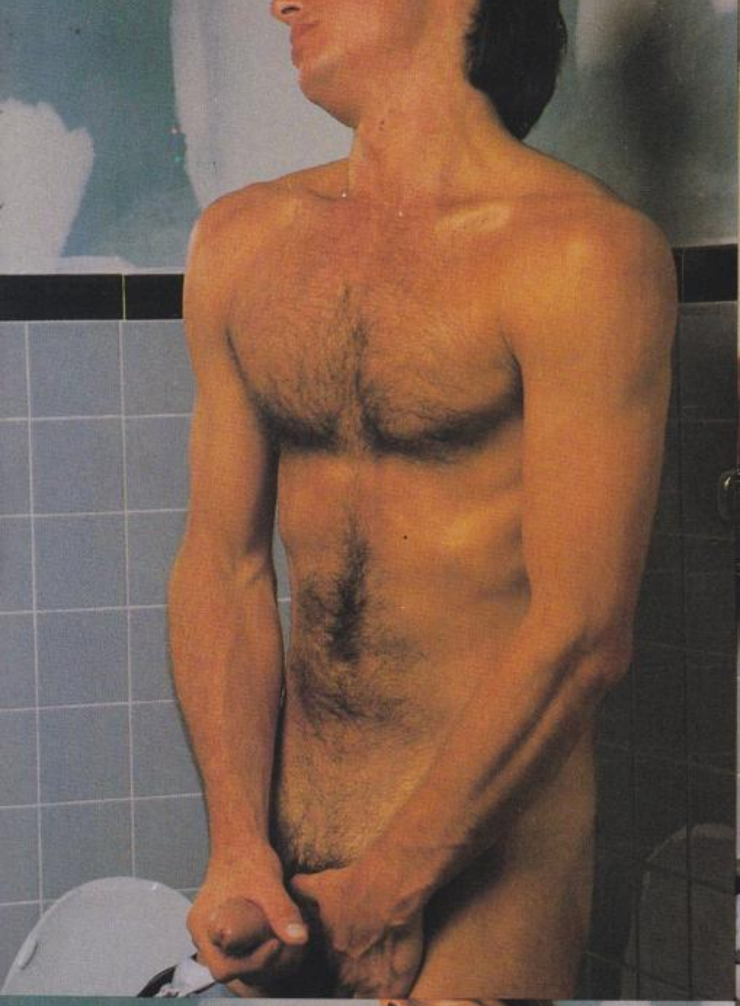
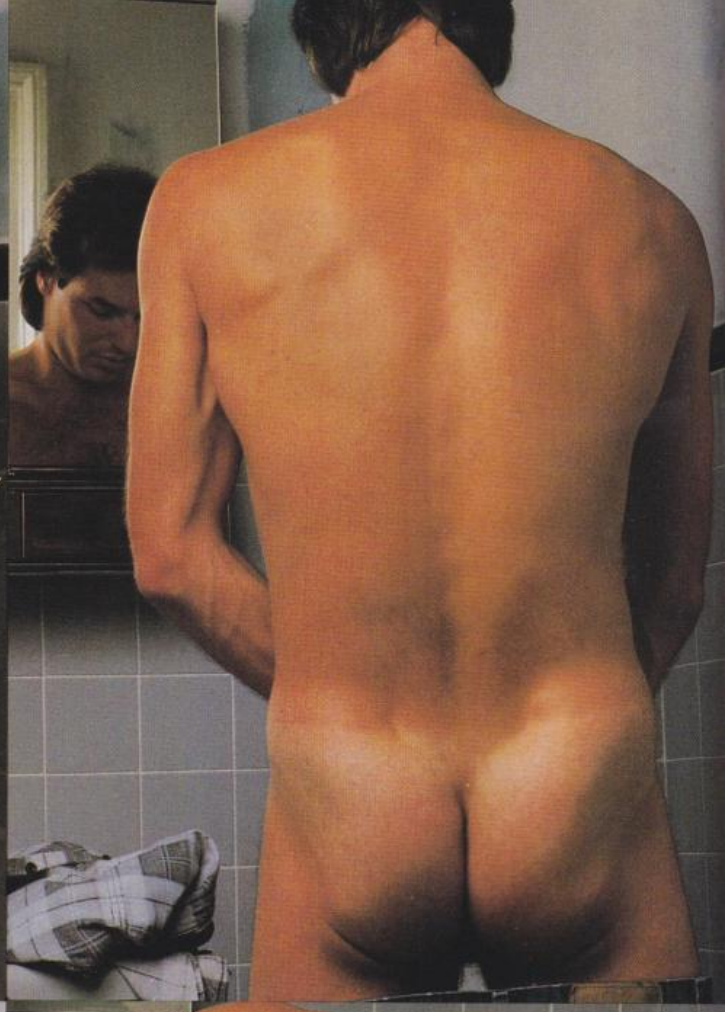
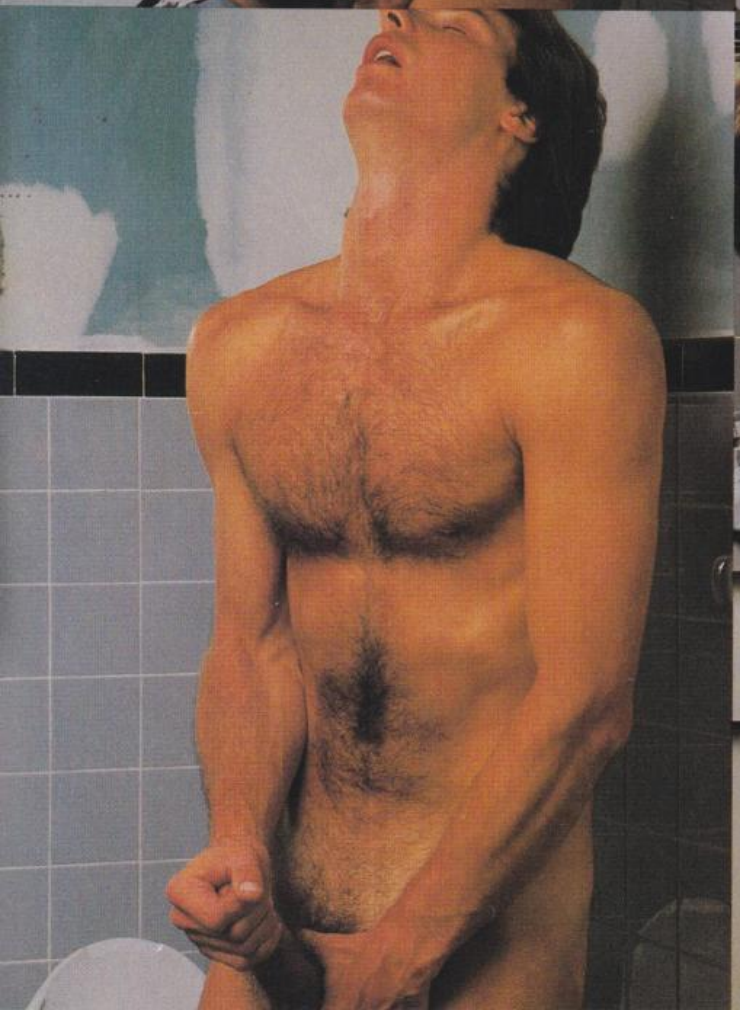
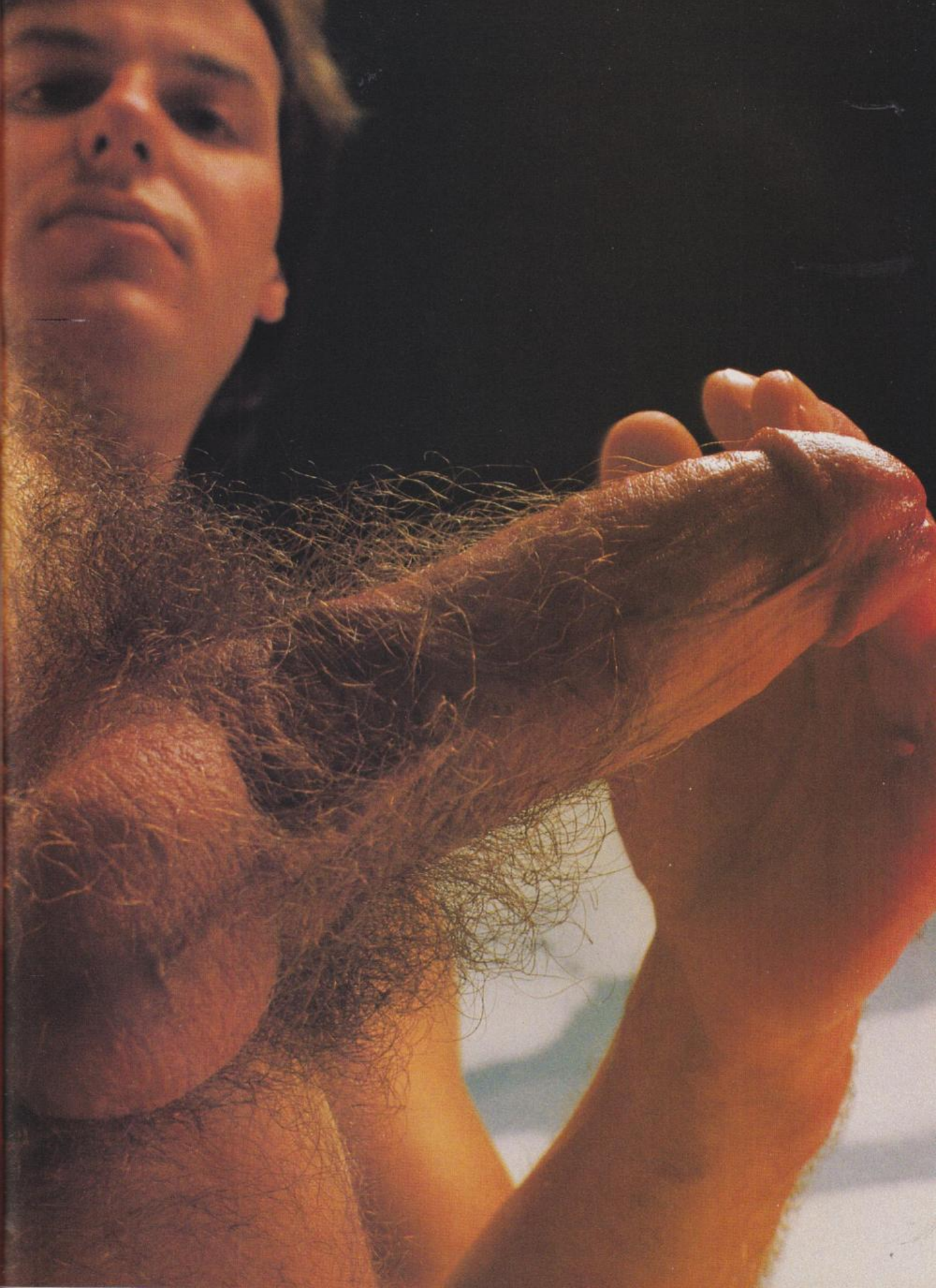
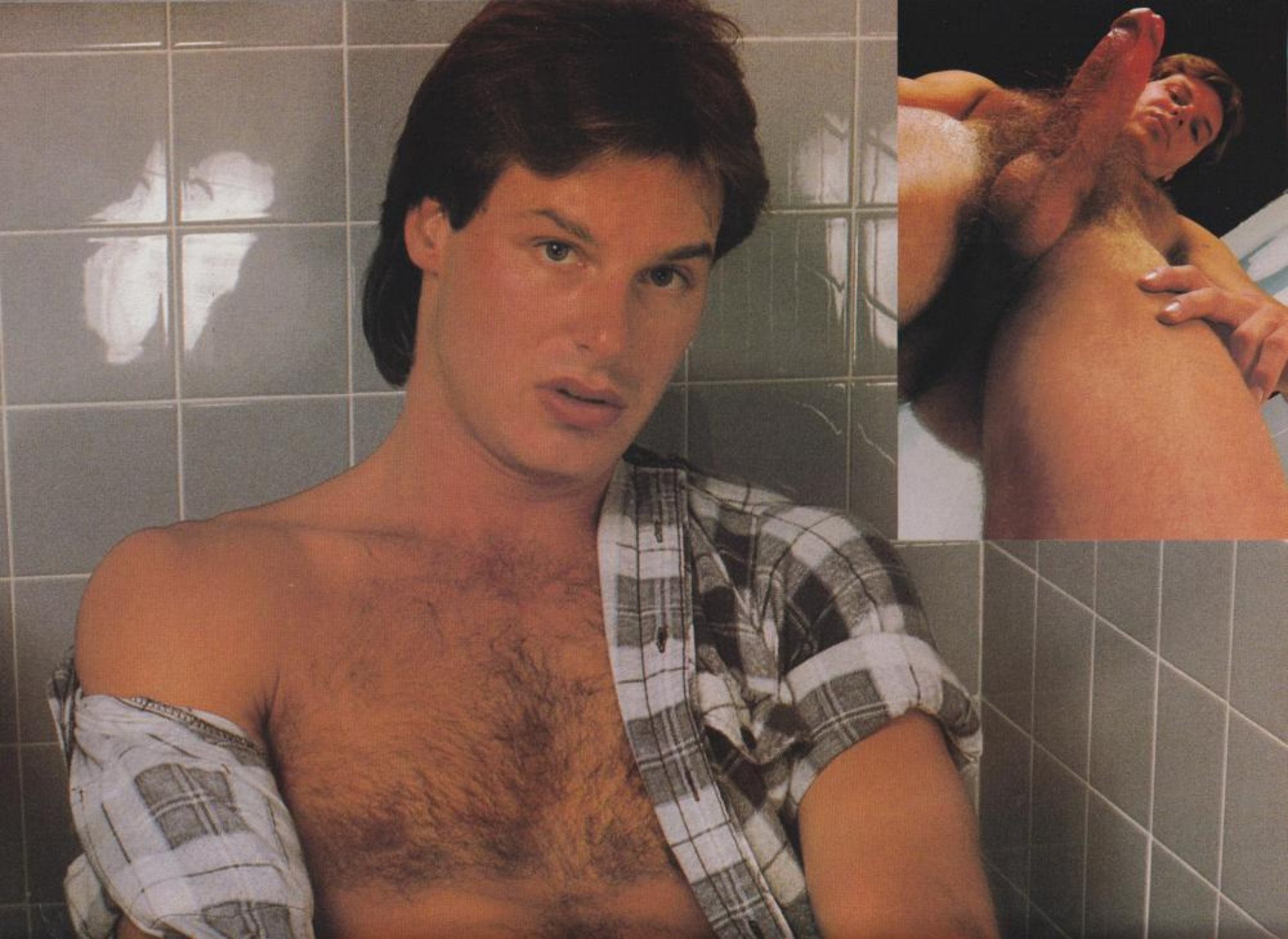










**A humpy host,
naked men in the hall,
doors ajar,
cocks erect.**

Welcome to...

THE GAY GUESTHOUSE

BY ROLAND GRAEME

"You sound nice, at least over the phone," Andrew drawled. "Let's get together and fuck sometime."

Roger chuckled. He didn't say so, but he had to admit that Andrew sounded rather nice, too. Audibly Canadian, Andrew had a kind of Scots burr in his voice that Roger found extremely provocative.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to, at least not on this trip," Roger said evasively. "Maybe next time."

"'Maybe next time'!" Andrew groaned in mock despair. "That's the story of my life...oh well, it's your loss," he added, with a trace of genuine arrogance that Roger also found sexually exciting—although he wasn't about to admit it to the other man, whom he'd never actually met face to face.

They had been talking on the phone, however, for almost fifteen minutes. It had started out as a purely business call.

Roger had a three-day weekend coming up, and he wasn't about to spend it in Buffalo, a town which tended to turn into death-warmed-over on holidays. Toronto, after all, was only a two-hour drive away, and Roger hadn't been there for a couple of months. The larger Canadian city seemed like a much more enticing prospect for a mini-vacation.

One of Roger's friends had told him about a gay guesthouse in Toronto: the place, Roger's buddy had reported quite bluntly, was little more than a glorified flophouse, but it was clean and quiet, much less expensive than a hotel, and, of course, a good place to find out what was going on in Toronto's large gay community. He had casually described Andrew, the proprietor, as "some stud with a beard who runs the place," and had given Roger the guesthouse's business card.

Roger's long-distance phone conversation with Andrew had started out innocently enough. Andrew told him about the accommodations and rates, and, satisfied that the guesthouse would be as good a place as any to stay, Roger made a reservation for the weekend.

"You must be awfully unimaginative, Roger," Andrew grumbled. "Haven't you ever had sex with another guy over the phone?"

"Sure," Roger boasted, "but I happen to be calling you from a wall phone, and I don't think I can climb up high enough to stick my dick into the coin slot—"

"You prickteaser! It's not the goddamn coin slot that I'd like you to stick your prick into, man! Oh, shit, somebody's ringing the doorbell; I've got to go answer it. I'll let you go...but remember, we're going to get together and fuck sometime, right?"

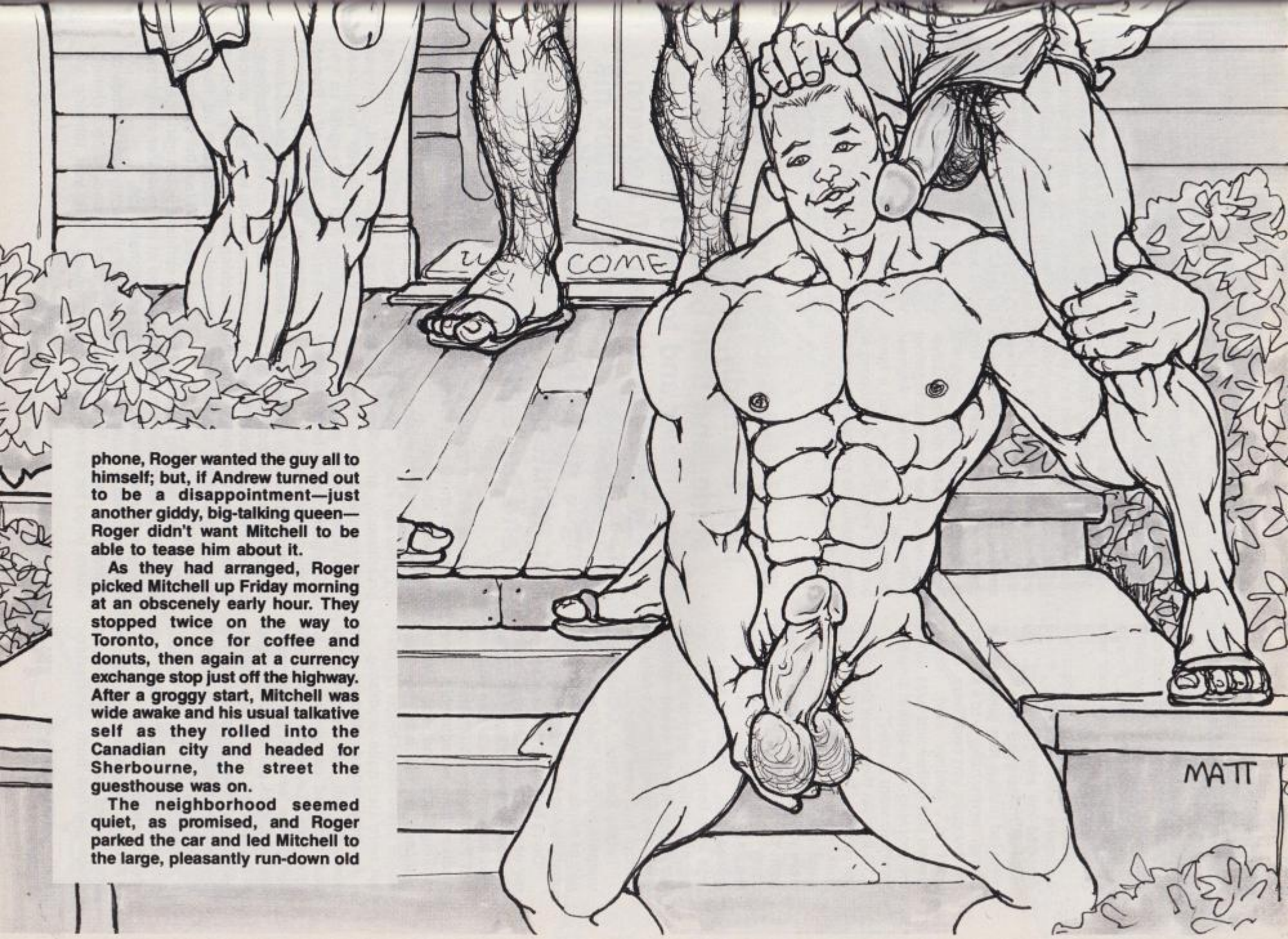
"Maybe...maybe not," Roger teased, just before he hung up.

Roger hated to travel anywhere alone, so he'd invited his friend Mitchell along to Toronto. Mitchell was utterly easy-going, and Roger had no qualms about sharing a bed with him. They'd had a torrid affair a few years ago, but then had decided to be "just friends."

Roger didn't tell Mitchell the details of his talk with Andrew. If Andrew turned out to be half as hot in person as he sounded over the

ART BY MATT

Guest House



phone, Roger wanted the guy all to himself; but, if Andrew turned out to be a disappointment—just another giddy, big-talking queen—Roger didn't want Mitchell to be able to tease him about it.

As they had arranged, Roger picked Mitchell up Friday morning at an obscenely early hour. They stopped twice on the way to Toronto, once for coffee and donuts, then again at a currency exchange stop just off the highway. After a groggy start, Mitchell was wide awake and his usual talkative self as they rolled into the Canadian city and headed for Sherbourne, the street the guesthouse was on.

The neighborhood seemed quiet, as promised, and Roger parked the car and led Mitchell to the large, pleasantly run-down old

house. He rang the doorbell Andrew had mentioned. Three times.

"They must all be fast asleep," Mitchell commented. "Fucked out, after a big night out on the town."

Roger grinned at him. Finally, after a fourth ring, the door was unlocked from inside.

"Sorry." Roger recognized Andrew's voice at once. "I just dragged my ass out of bed. You must've made good time."

He led his two new guests down a long, narrow hallway to a kitchen.

"You guys can cook here, if you want to," Andrew said. "And I always put coffee and rolls out in the morning...it's almost finished brewing; want a cup?"

"Sure." As they drank the strong hot coffee, Roger studied their host. He was slightly heavier in build than Roger had imagined, more muscular, as though he had been doing his share of physical labor around the house. His reddish-brown hair and beard looked silky. Andrew's feet and legs were bare, and in fact he was wearing only a long-tailed plaid workshirt; it had seven buttons down the front, of which only the bottom two were fastened.

"I sleep like this," Andrew said, unapologetically. "Let me pull on a pair of pants, and then I'll take you upstairs and show you your room."

"Don't bother to get dressed on my account," Mitchell said easily. He was, Roger noticed, sizing up Andrew with considerable interest. Not that Roger could blame him: Andrew had exceptionally nice-looking legs, and the fugitive glimpses of his bare butt that Roger could obtain below his shirt tail were also quite promising.

As they talked, Andrew went down the hall, into his own room, and returned carrying a pair of torn, faded Levi's. As he began to pull on the jeans, Roger glimpsed his long, thick penis through a gap in his shirt tail. Andrew appeared to be hairy all over, judging from his legs and the long, ruddy-hued hairs on his chest.

As he zipped up, he asked, "Ready?", then led the other two men upstairs.

Finding the small room, with its double bed, and the bathroom down the hall both satisfactory, Mitchell lingered behind for a moment to stow their luggage away, while Roger went back downstairs with Andrew to pay him, sign in, and get two sets of keys to their room and to the front door, so that they could come and go as they pleased.

Roger was about to hand the money to Andrew when the latter looked up at him, smiling, then grabbed him by the back of the neck, pulled him against his chest, and kissed him matter-of-factly on the mouth, his bearded lips rubbing sensuously against Roger's as the two men instinctively pressed their crotches together through their clothes. Andrew, Roger noted at once, had a hard-on, and Roger was developing at least a semi. He pushed the money into Andrew's back pocket and squeezed his ass through his jeans as he returned his kiss with increasing abandon.

Roger rolled Andrew over and kissed him, frenziedly, at the base of his spine, and then brought his lips down lower and touched the warm skin and hair at the cleft between his buttocks. He wanted to stick his tongue up Andrew's ass and rim him for minutes on end, to get him good and hot and ready for his cock.

"That was just to remind you that my offer still stands," Andrew said breathlessly, after they'd pulled away from each other.

"I'll keep you in mind," Roger said lightly, as he heard Mitchell coming downstairs to join them.

They chatted with Andrew for a few more minutes, then went out to explore the city on foot. Shopping, lunch, more shopping, cruising and being cruised, made the day pass quickly.

They were giggling together like schoolboys when they returned to the guesthouse, having decided that a nap and a shower would be appropriate before they decided where to go for dinner.

Andrew wasn't around, but they spotted a couple of the other guests. Naked and dripping wet, one well-muscled blond number was returning from the bathroom on their floor to his room, which was right next to theirs!

"Hi," Mitchell said boldly, staring at the dude's hefty, free-swinging cock. "Is there any hot water?"

"Plenty," the blond exhibitionist said with a smile. "You almost have to be careful not to scald yourself, in fact."

He went into his room and left the door ajar; Roger and Mitch retreated into theirs, closed the door, and got undressed quickly. With a quick, single motion, Mitchell shoved his trousers and undershorts down to his knees; then, balancing himself, he stepped out of them and began folding first his shorts and then his trousers before putting them away.

"This place reminds me of my college dormitory," he remarked.

"Yeah, everybody running around stark naked," Roger agreed. Their nude next-door neighbor had made quite an impression on Mitchell, Roger noticed at the precise moment when his friend's shorts slid down over his long, curved penis. Roger stared at it—it was hard, almost touching Mitchell's belly; and, as he yanked his own pants off, Roger could see and feel the corresponding stiffness in his own cock. He stared at the muscular roundness of Mitchell's ass.

Mitchell stacked his clothes on the dresser and turned around, grinning, "Are you thinking the

MATT

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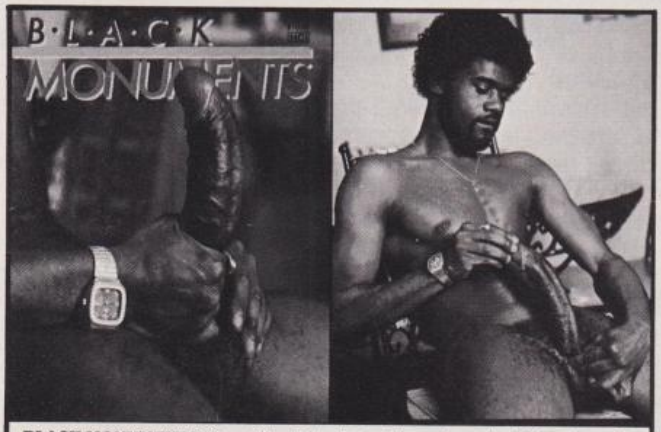

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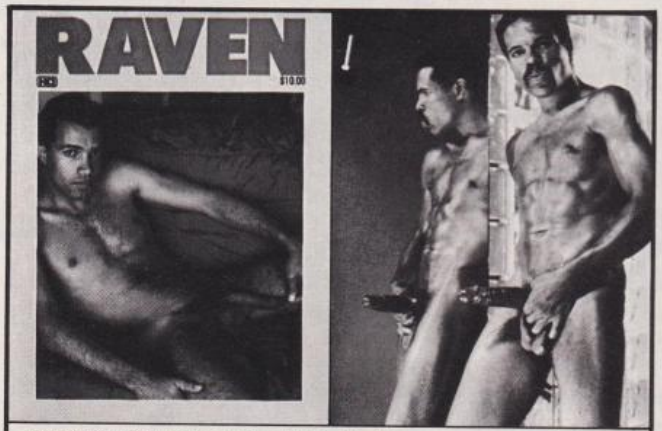

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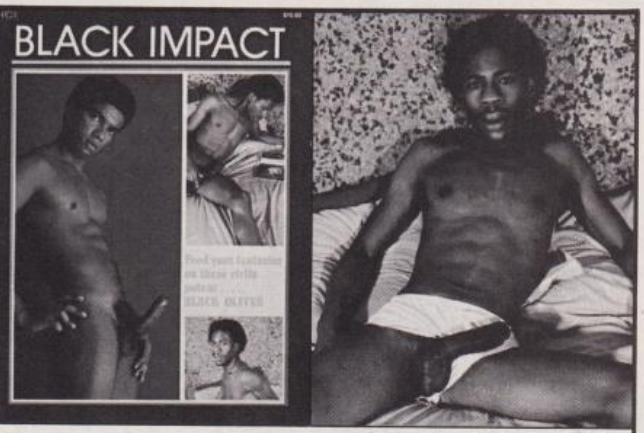

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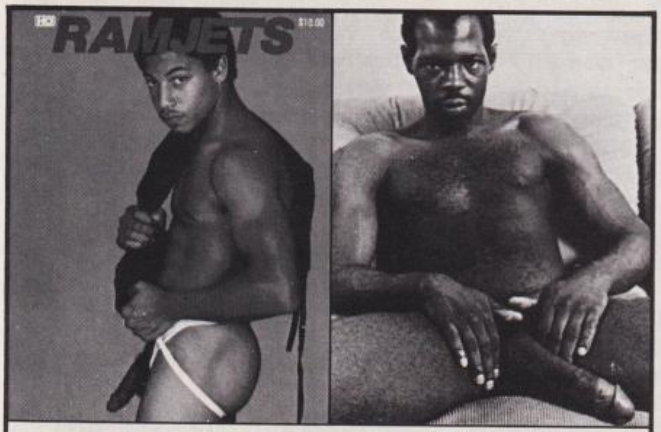

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same thing I'm thinking?"

Roger laughed. He was thinking that he'd like to go next door and trick with that naked blond number, or go downstairs in search of Andrew and seduce him; but Mitchell, his old fuck-buddy, was a more than acceptable substitute, and *his* eyes were flicking up and down Roger's body in a way that told his friend exactly what *he* was thinking.

Roger pulled back the covers on the bed and lay down on his back. Mitchell sat down on the edge of the bed, propping himself on one arm, and leaned his head close to Roger's chest. He flicked out his tongue to touch Roger's stiffening nipple, and both men shuddered with barely pent-in lust. Mitchell quickly got up onto the bed and lowered himself at full length upon Roger's body, clutching him under the shoulders and rubbing his jaw down his cheek. Under the sheet, Mitchell's hand slid down over Roger's chest, then down to his thigh; kissing Roger on the mouth, and pushing his tongue between the other man's lips, Mitchell began to manipulate his buddy's erect, throbbing penis, his fingers stroking its shaft expertly from base to tip, his fingertips tickling Roger's swollen, hairy balls.

Groaning, as Mitchell's warm, snake-like tongue slid inside his mouth and met his, Roger pushed it back with his own tongue, and both men were seized by an uncontrollable fit of erotic shivering, from their shoulders down to the heavy muscles of their thighs. Roger pulled Mitchell tighter against his chest, covering his mouth completely with his own, and sucked hungrily on his slippery tongue, both men moaning into each other's open mouths as their naked bodies locked on the bed, tensing and intertwining.

Mitchell's heavy, solidly-muscled arm clutched the muscles of Roger's back and he wrapped one leg around Roger's thigh, pinning it down on the mattress, forcing Roger's hard-on to pulse between his leg and Roger's as he continued to stroke it with his hand.

Mitchell's tongue came down wet and hard on Roger's lips, and Roger lay there passively, enjoying his friend's use of his body, barely responding at first as Mitchell's warm, naked flesh rubbed against his. Mitchell's fingers lifted his testicles, still tickling them; and suddenly Roger felt the agonizingly intense friction of Mitchell's wet tongue on his cockhead, swabbing it thoroughly, gradually coaxing the fat, blunt bulb of solid flesh inside his mouth. Mitchell's strong hands gripped his hips and his soft hair fell down in a tangle over Roger's belly as he blew him. His hot mouth devoured every inch of Roger's fiery cockshaft, drawing it down deeply into his throat, until his gurgling pleasure was punctuated by obscene choking sounds.

Roger was getting ready to come, his prick thrusting itself roughly in and out of his buddy's mouth and throat, both men groaning with passion on the bed, when there was a quiet knock on the door. Mitchell, unfazed, went right on sucking him!

Roger tried to yell, "Go away!", but his voice stuck in his throat. After a second discreet knock, the door opened, and Roger looked up to see the naked blond man filling the doorway. His cock was erect, and grasped in his hand, aimed at the bed like a weapon!

"I like to watch," the blond gasped, his wet hair still plastered across his forehead and getting in his eyes as he stared at the two naked men on the bed. "Can I?"

It was too late for Roger to protest, even had he wanted to! With a loud gasp, he blasted his full, hot load into Mitchell's mouth and throat. God, he'd forgotten what a hot cocksucker his buddy was!

After swallowing all of Roger's spurted jism, Mitchell collapsed, panting, between Roger's parted thighs and dropped his head onto Roger's sweat-dampened belly hair. Roger moaned, and put his hand down to Mitchell's sweat-streaked cheek, caressing his face with his palm.

"Jesus," the blond guy muttered, as he frantically masturbated himself in the doorway, his cock growing ever thicker, stiffer, and redder inside his fist. "Do you always come like that, man?"

With an effort, Roger shook his head and grunted, "No...I was just horny."

Mitchell coughed after swallowing the last wad of Roger's semen and slowly sat up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. He looked at the blond man quizzically.

"I'm going to come soon," the blond stranger gasped. "It—it takes me a long while, sometimes."

"Me, too," Mitchell said politely.

"Didn't you come yet?" Roger asked Mitchell. "Why don't you fuck me, buddy?"

"Yeah," the blond groaned, still passionately manipulating himself. "Fuck him for me, man, and fuck him good!"

Roger, wildly excited despite the orgasm he'd just enjoyed, felt Mitchell's hand on his hip, urging him to roll over onto his belly, and he complied, spreading his legs wide and relaxing his buttocks—and his sphincter muscle, tucked away between them. He felt Mitchell's greased fingers slipping inside his asshole, lubricating it with something slick and cool, and he heard the snap of a condom as Mitchell unrolled it down over his cockshaft, adjusting it carefully

The thick shaft split the two hard, white, globular muscles of Andrew's buttocks wide open, and Roger, gasping as his prick sank in deeper, watched the way those butch ass-cheeks quivered and spread themselves for him and tensed in response to his steady thrusting.

around the base of his erection. When Mitchell's cock pressed inside his anus, it felt good, potent and yet gentle. Roger felt Mitchell's weight on his back, Mitchell's lips nibbling at his ear, and, along with his buddy's urgent growls, he heard the blond man getting ready to unload, to shoot his hot come down onto both their naked, thrashing bodies.

"That hot shower sure felt good," Mitchell said impishly, as he and Roger sat in a restaurant an hour and a half later.

Roger felt himself blushing—actually blushing, over something sexual, for the first time in years!

"We ought to be ashamed of ourselves," he insisted. "Fucking and sucking in front of a complete stranger...letting him come all over us...Jesus, we don't even know the guy's name!"

"Philip," Mitchell said smugly. "I looked it up in Andrew's guest registry while you were discussing various restaurants with him...he's from Vancouver. Philip is, I mean; I don't know about Andrew yet." He took a bite of his salad. "Anyway, I don't see what there is to be ashamed of. It's not like it was the first time you and I ever hit the sheets together! And, if Philip got his rocks off, too—well, no harm done. I have a feeling that sort of thing goes on in the guesthouse all the time."

After dinner, they caught a movie that hadn't played in Buffalo yet, then made the rounds of the bars, then simply joined the throngs of people who—even at a rather late hour of night—were milling up and down Yonge Street. It was two A.M. when they finally got back to the guesthouse.

The house was very quiet; Andrew, puttering about the kitchen in the same torn jeans and plaid shirt, seemed to be the only one awake, or, more likely, the only one home.

"Hi, guys," he said brightly. "Did you have a good time?"

"Great," Mitchell yawned. "But I think we're both exhausted...I know all I want to do right now is go to bed and get some sleep."

"I think the heat's on in your room, but here's an extra blanket, in case you need it." As Andrew handed the folded blanket to Roger, their hands touched and he smiled. "I'll be asleep in my room," he said softly. "I guess you remember which one it is—the first door on the right side of the hall. Listen—if either one of you guys wants to come down during the night and make love, that would be great, because you're both very attractive men and I'd love to be with either of you, or both." He laughed at the startled expressions on his guests' faces. "I was talking to Philip earlier," he explained, "and he told me that you two are fairly open-minded about such things."

"Christ!" he heard himself screaming, as the tip of the condom on his cock ballooned from the abrupt surge of fuck fluid that filled it and remained trapped inside the latex sheath, soaking his dick in its own slippery jism.

Inside their bedroom, Mitchell got undressed first and stretched out under the covers. "Do you think he meant it?"

"I imagine he did," Roger said, as he took off his own clothes, then got under the covers and stretched out, facing Mitchell. It was warm in the room, and they wouldn't be needing the extra blanket.

"Would you go to bed with him? After all, he's damned good-looking."

Roger thought about it as he gave Mitchell a goodnight kiss. "Sure I would, but only if you did, too."

"What the hell do I have to do with it?"

Roger shrugged. "Well, this is supposed to be our weekend. I want us to do things together. And...while we were having sex, earlier, it reminded me of how much fun we used to have together, in the old days." With a sigh, he wrapped his arm around Mitchell's back, and both men went to sleep, their lips almost touching in the dark.

In the morning, Mitchell was the first one up—in every sense of the word. Opening his eyes, Roger looked up and saw his friend's naked body standing beside the bed, with his hard cock jutting out over the edge of the mattress.

"Jesus," Roger commented, "you're horny *already*?"

"It's just a piss hard," Mitchell said flippantly. "Anyway, Andrew must be up, too. I can smell his coffee, even up here."

"Since he's got the hots for me, maybe I can talk him into serving me breakfast in bed."

Mitchell smiled faintly. "I'm going downstairs. Do you want me to send him up here to you?"

Lazily, Roger reached out, ran his hand down the back of Mitchell's hairy thigh muscle, down to his calf, and gave it a squeeze. He knew that, at this hour of the morning, he was thinking with his prick, not his brain, and he struggled manfully to think clearly—if cold-bloodedly. He was horny, too, and he wanted Mitchell—badly—but, hell, he could have Mitchell any time he wanted to, back home in Buffalo. He also wanted—partly out of sheer, horny curiosity—to spend a few minutes, at the very least, curled up in a warm bed next to Andrew's hairy body! So, sluggishly, he sat up in bed and mumbled, "Listen, man...if Andrew and I...shit...look, if I fucked him, or blew him, or something...would you really mind?"

Mitchell guffawed. "We're friends, Roger...not husband and wife! I don't own you, for Christ's sake...and I sure as hell don't care what you do. As long as you're careful, of course," he amended.

"All right, then. Send him up, if he wants me so damn bad!"

Mitchell picked up his jeans and pulled them on. "Is it okay if I

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ANDRE

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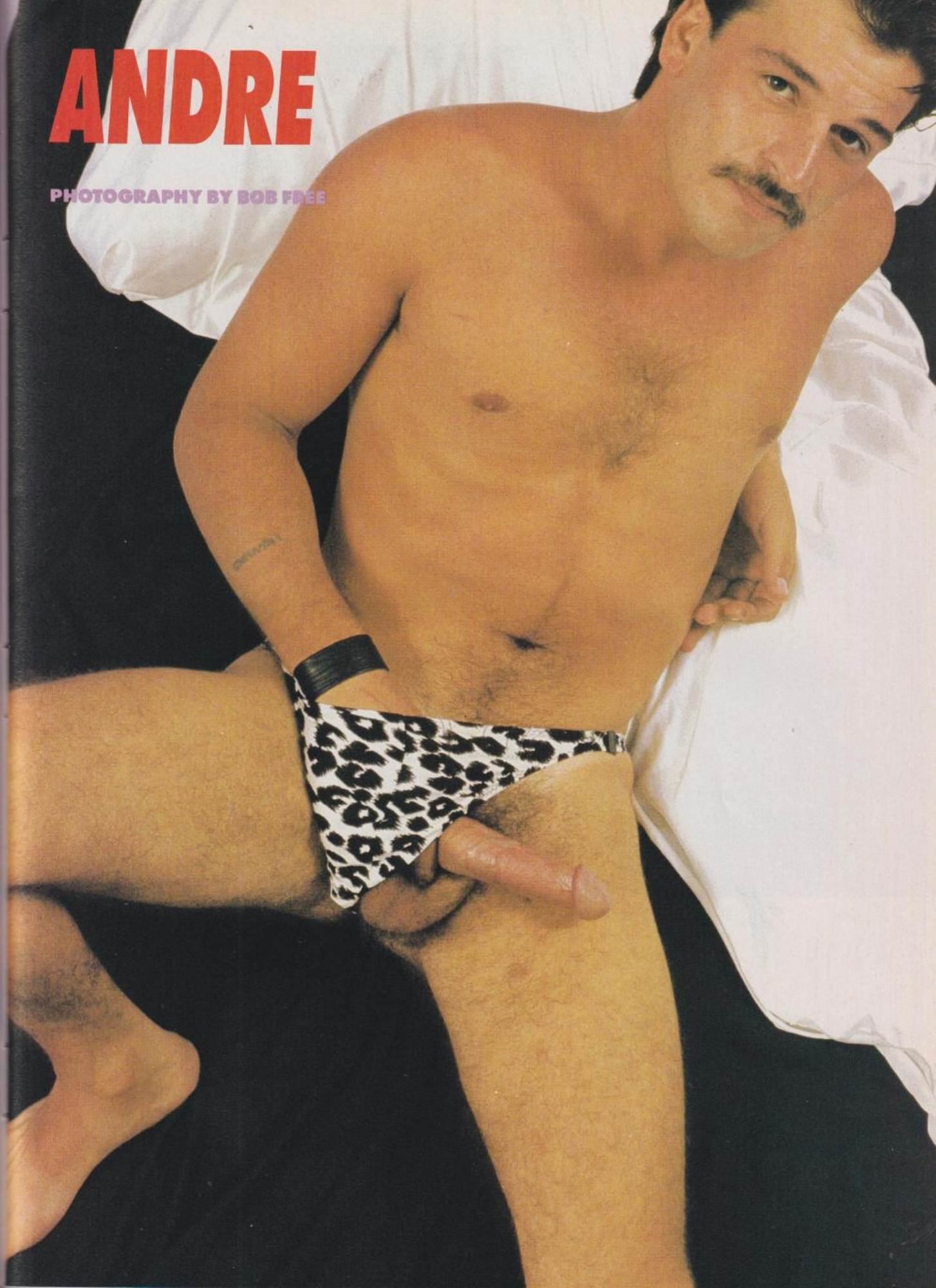

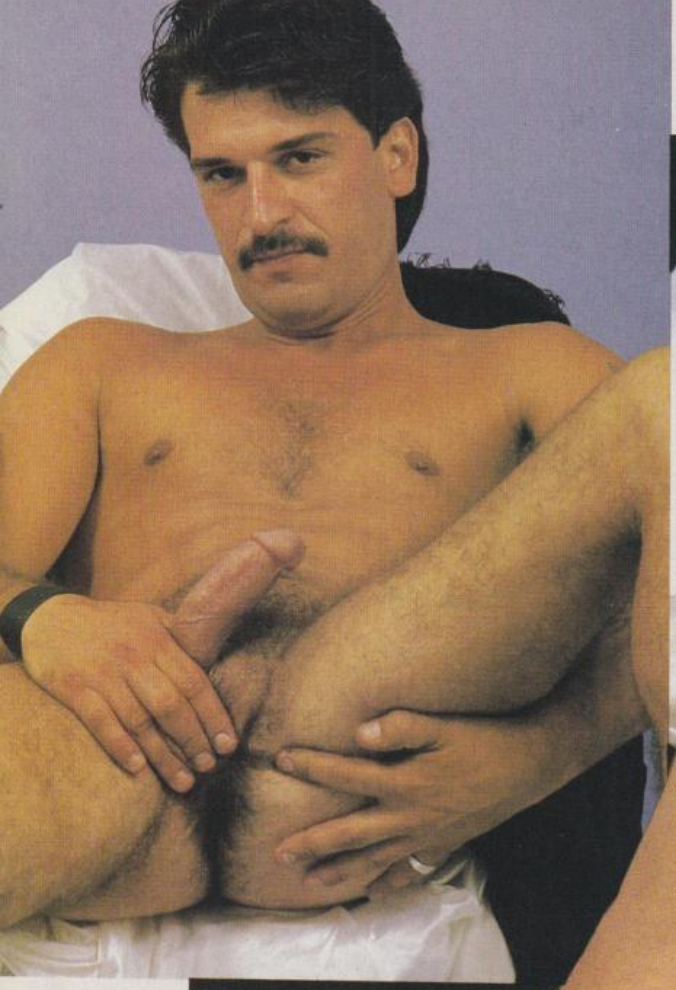

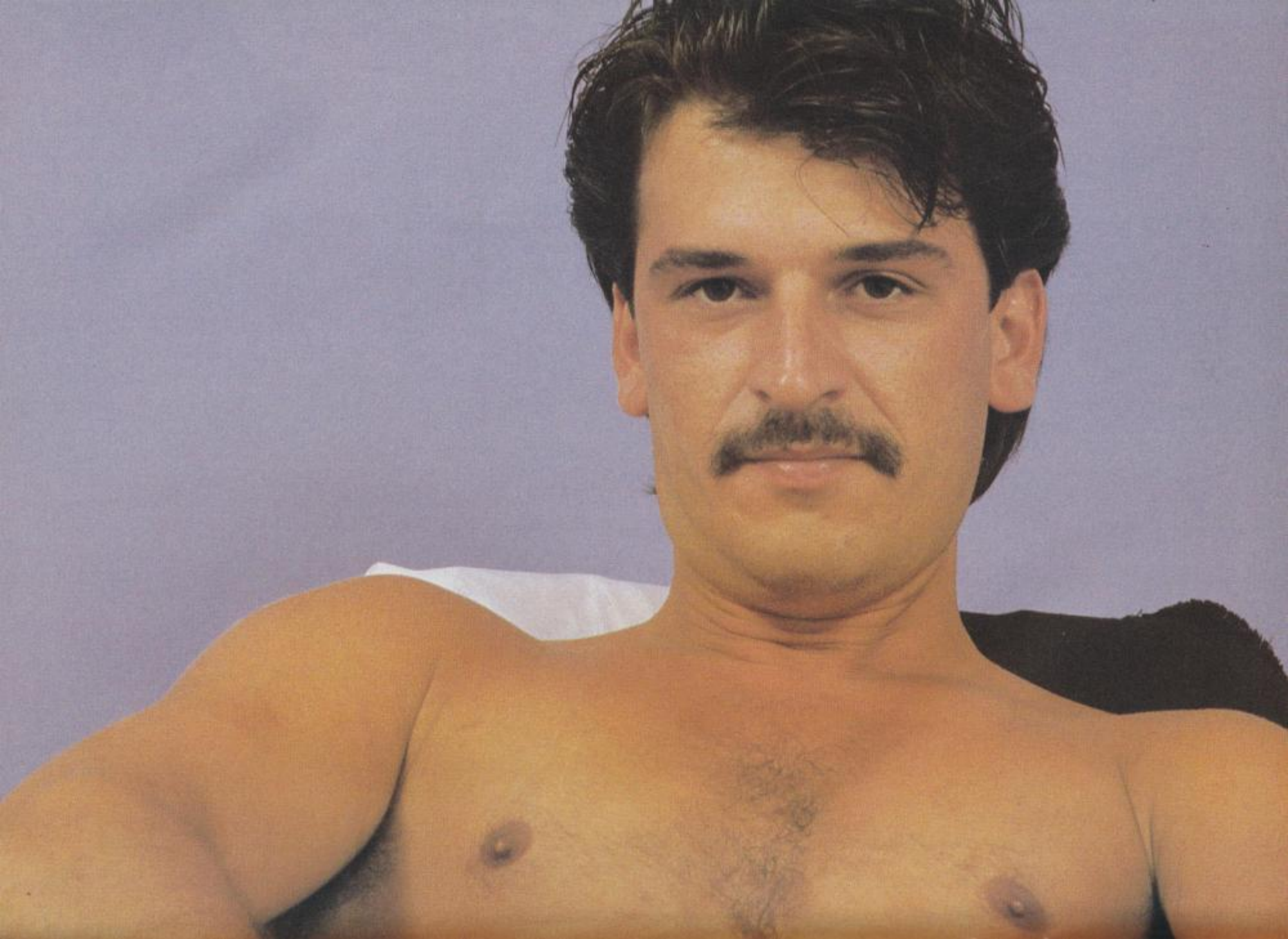

STRANGERS *IN THE NIGHT*

Dark shadows, and plenty of hot, hard men cruising the street!

BY RICK ADAMS

"Goddammit!" I swore to myself. "I'm never gonna get any fuckin' sleep like this!"

I rolled over onto my back and slowly peeled back the covers right down to my thighs, leaving my naked body sticking out from between the sheets.

I squinted down through the dark at my cock, feeling partly proud and partly disgusted. I loved having a big one that was so horny all the time, but right now I wanted to get some sleep too. After all, I had to get up early for work tomorrow and I didn't want to be too tired. But the randy thing was standing up firm and solid between my legs, prickling and bulging, trying to get even harder.

I turned my head to glance at my clock radio. Fuck, it was already after midnight and I hadn't gotten a wink of sleep yet. "Shit," I said to myself, "I'm not gonna get any fuckin' sleep either 'til my man here gets a fuck tonight!"

Without thinking, I threw off the rest of the covers and jumped out of bed. I pulled on a pair of jeans and some sneakers, and headed out the door. It was a warm night, and I was glad I didn't really need a shirt. I loved cruising half-naked.

I hit the street with a swagger, and immediately began to search the night. My eyes were as hot as the big knob throbbing in my pantleg. I pulled a bit at the thick shaft which was bulging and straining against my jeans.

My street was dark with trees and always bursting with hot night-cruisers. Tonight, I noticed, was no exception. Lean men in tight jeans and T-shirts, some in leather, were floating along, twisting and turning, building the animal excitement of the night. I melted into the action, making the night hotter.

I ran my fingers through the curls on my chest and scratched lightly. My muscles went rock-hard and rippled a bit under my touch. I felt my cock flexing involuntarily, wanting to be as bare and hard as my pecs. The cruisers were beginning to pass by closer now, drawn by my naked brawn I thought, or maybe because I was strutting along like a hot, fuckin' male animal.

I knew I was electric. I could feel it in my balls, and in my head. I could see it in the street, in the patterns of movement the shadows made as they undulated through the dark. They were weaving toward me and around me, criss-crossing and turning, sending sparks through my groin and straight into my cockhead.

I felt my spine bristle up as they passed, sometimes almost touching me, always peering through the dark and searching for heat in my eyes. But I was searching the night—searching the crop of cruisers circling around me for the one man who would send showers of lust stabbing down through the length of my cock.

The second I saw Andy, I *knew* he was the stud I wanted to fuck. I first noticed him just ahead, coming toward me, stepping just briefly into a patch of moonlight between two trees. His hard, lean body was packed into a T-shirt and a tight pair of jeans which were bursting out in front with the meat

I knew from the big lump in his groin that he'd have a big cock, but finding it all covered with skin as it sprang out from under the material of his jeans was a bonus I had never expected. A thick foreskin covered his whole cockhead.

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My cock was *pounding* in my pantleg. Without thinking, I reached down and unsnapped another button of my fly to give it more room. But the thing was greedy with lust, and only took advantage of the extra space by thumping up even stronger and thicker.

of his groin. A dark moustache drooped over his top lip, and for a split second I caught his gaze glaring out from his stud-face.

I slowed my pace and lowered my chin. I was strutting with my legs wide apart, and staring directly into his eyes. He was in the dark now, but I knew he was staring back at me, trying to connect his blind lust with mine. Sparks shot through my balls and tumbled along my shaft, finally exploding in my cockhead. As we passed, our shoulders brushed against each other with a tiny bump. We had connected in the night! I *knew* I had found my man!

I stopped and half turned after we passed, staring through the blackness after him. I couldn't really see clearly, but I could tell he slowed almost to a stop and turned to look back at me too. Though his eyes were in the shadow, I could feel them piercing into my brain and into my gut and into my balls.

My cock was *pounding* in my pantleg. Without thinking, I reached down and unsnapped another button of my fly to give it more room. But the thing was greedy with lust, and only took advantage of the little extra space by thumping up even stronger and thicker in the space I gave it.

Slowly I turned and started ambling after my man. He slowly turned too and started leading me along, pulling me with his backward glances, and with the promise of his hot, dark shadow.

I was tailing him close now, and he circled around the trunk of a big tree. I knew he'd be waiting on the other side, so I closed in tight, almost brushing against the bark. And I did brush against my man. My hand hit his fingers first, then his thigh, then the hot bulge bursting out of his jeans. I bumped hard against it as my face grazed past his, only inches away.

I moved off, but drew him after me with one look over my shoulder. He followed me closely as I headed back toward my apartment building. It was time to find my real man—time to strip away the dark covers and let the real man burst out into the light.

I stopped in the lobby and fumbled in the tightness of my pants pocket for the key. He followed me right in, finally stepping only inches away from me. I could feel the heat between us, and I was crazy to grab this fuckin' stud. But of course not in the lobby. Not yet. "Jesus, man!" I grinned at him, "you're one hot-lookin' hunk!"

"Not bad yourself," he said, moving just a touch closer to me. His eyes were blazing into mine and smiling a bit, and his lips curled just a little around his moustache. He was so close to me now, that as I bent to unlock the door the back of his hand knocked against the side of my leg. And as I turned to pull the door open, it hit my cock quite deliberately and quite hard. He was grinning broadly at me now, and I grinned back, motioning him through the door ahead of me. I couldn't resist letting my hand brush across his ass as I followed him in.

"So, what's your name anyway?" I asked, as I pushed the button for the elevator. Our eyes caught and bore into each other. "Andy," he said softly.

"Mine's Rick," I said.

The elevator door opened and we stepped on. I watched impatiently as it rolled closed, then immediately turned to Andy. I grabbed that big bulge in his crotch with my left hand, and ran my moustache lightly across his, finally breathing my hot breath on his cheek and on his neck. He was grabbing at the stick in my pantleg, trying to squeeze it through the tight layer of denim.

The elevator slowed and I stood back innocently to watch it open. I smiled at Andy and winked. He slapped my ass lightly and followed me up the hall to my apartment.

We were barely inside when our hands were all over each other. We crushed our bodies together and pulled on each other's asses. I rubbed my forehead across his and grazed my lips over his eyes, over his cheeks, over his moustache. Andy's tongue was flicking out trying to find mine. Our mouths ground together and our tongues began to fight wildly in the dark and in the wet.

My hands were roaming over Andy's body, digging under his T-shirt and playing with the hair curled over his belly. I pulled his shirt up to his chest and prodded

roughly at his muscles, rock-hard now and rippling under my touch. I broke away from his mouth and leaned back. "God, I love a fuckin' stud like you," I said. I grabbed the bottom of his shirt, and slowly peeled it off over his head.

I *knew* he'd have a great-looking body. I lowered my head and nuzzled through the dark hair covering his chest. I found a nipple, almost hidden, and bit it lightly between my teeth. I grabbed his pecs in my fists, rough-handling them and biting and nibbling at his tits.

Andy's hands were pulling at the thick stick still under cover in my pants. I felt him unsnapping the domes of my fly, and I felt my cock pounding to expand and fill the extra space. And suddenly his hand was inside, grabbing at my dick, squeezing his fingers around the thick shaft.

I leaned back to give him more room. Very gently he tugged on my cock, pulling it toward him. He slowly rolled the front of my pants back to the side, so it would have room to stick out. Then, with a little plop, my dick was out in the open, naked now and thumping up with blood, hard and straight out of my groin.

"Whew! he whistled softly, "we've got a fuckin' big one here!"

I just smiled, and pulled my jeans down a bit, uncovering the round balls dangling between my legs. He grabbed them with both fists, kneading them as hard as he dared. Then I felt his fingers prodding at the fat meat of my cockhead, circling the rim, sliding over the velvet surface.

I was getting fuckin' crazy to see Andy's cock now. I undid his pants and yanked them down quickly. I knew from the big lump in his groin that he'd have a big cock, but finding it all covered with skin as it sprang out from under the material of his jeans was a bonus I had never expected. A thick foreskin covered his whole cockhead, and just closed neatly over the tip.

A stab of excitement ripped through my gut. I sank to my knees and grabbed onto the shaft before it could pump up completely. I didn't want it pushing its way out of that hot-looking foreskin just yet.

I rubbed the foreskin across my cheeks, over my eyes and nose and moustache. Then I gently edged it toward my mouth, and flicked out my tongue to nuzzle into it, to find the cockhead still hidden inside. I dug inside it with my tongue, farther and farther, on the top of his knob, on the bottom, on the sides. Then I leaned back a bit and slowly relinquished my firm grasp on his shaft. This was the fuckin' part I wanted to see. Just as I knew it would, his cock begn to pump up hard with blood, pushing his cockhead out slowly, uncovering it as the skin peeled back on its own to nestle gently around the rim of his cockhead.

I was fuckin' crazy for this stud. I plopped his hot cock into my mouth and pulled him to the carpet. I half turned so that my own throbbing dick was near his face, and I could feel the wetness of his mouth sink over my fat head and start to suck on it.

I sucked the skin down over his cockhead, and peeled it back with my lips. He was pulling at the tight skin on my cut shaft, and working his lips over the naked meat of my knob.

Suddenly I broke away, grabbed him, and rolled him over roughly. My cock was throbbing to get into his asshole and I yanked him up on his hands and knees. I buried my face in his asscheeks, depositing my spit everywhere, all around his hole.

I mounted him quickly and pressed my cock forward. His asshole came back to meet it, expanding around it slowly as I thrust forward. I was ready to fuck, and he was ready to be fucked.

I reached under him, grabbing his cock in one fist and his balls in the other. I fucked him hard as I rolled the skin back and forth along his shaft and right up over his whole cockhead, covering it and uncovering it over and over again as fast as I could.

He was moaning and jerking and straining to shoot. I was bucking and pounding into his asshole, hot to squirt my own juice deep inside him. My balls caught fire, and sparks shot all through my groin and down my legs. My cock exploded with cum and suddenly it was streaming out, into my man.

I shot hard, trying to squirt every bit as deep as I could. Then his cock was pulsating in my fist, and creaming all over my fingers and all over his foreskin. I rubbed the cream all over his cockhead, all along his shaft, and all around underneath his foreskin...

At last I pulled out of his asshole.

We got to our feet, made our way to the bathroom and began to wash up. I soaped up Andy's cock and he soaped up mine. He dried off quickly and headed back to the living room. When I got back out, he had found a pen and scrap of paper and was jotting down the number from my telephone.

I just smiled and went over to him. I gently pulled the foreskin down until it completely covered his whole cockhead again, and we talked about how hot we were for each other while he got dressed and headed for the door.

I stood in the doorway, naked, watching him start off down the hall. "Call me real soon," I said.

He half turned and grinned at me. "I will," he said.

The elevator took him away, and I closed my apartment door. I got back into bed and pulled the covers up over me. My head was filled with Andy and with the hot fuck we'd had. But my big soft cock had tumbled down between my legs, and I began to relax. Now I'll be able to get some fuckin' sleep, I thought to myself. ■

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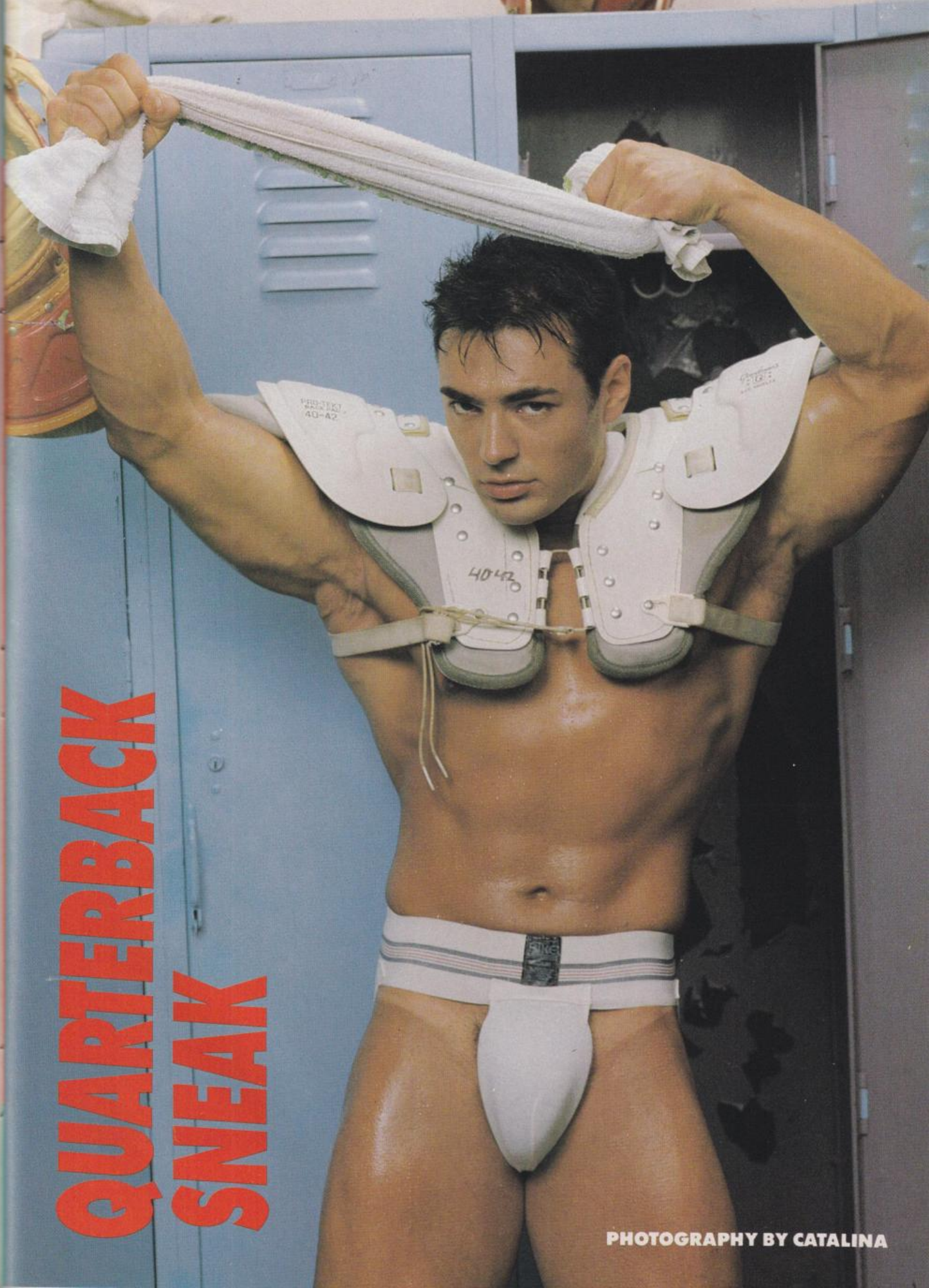
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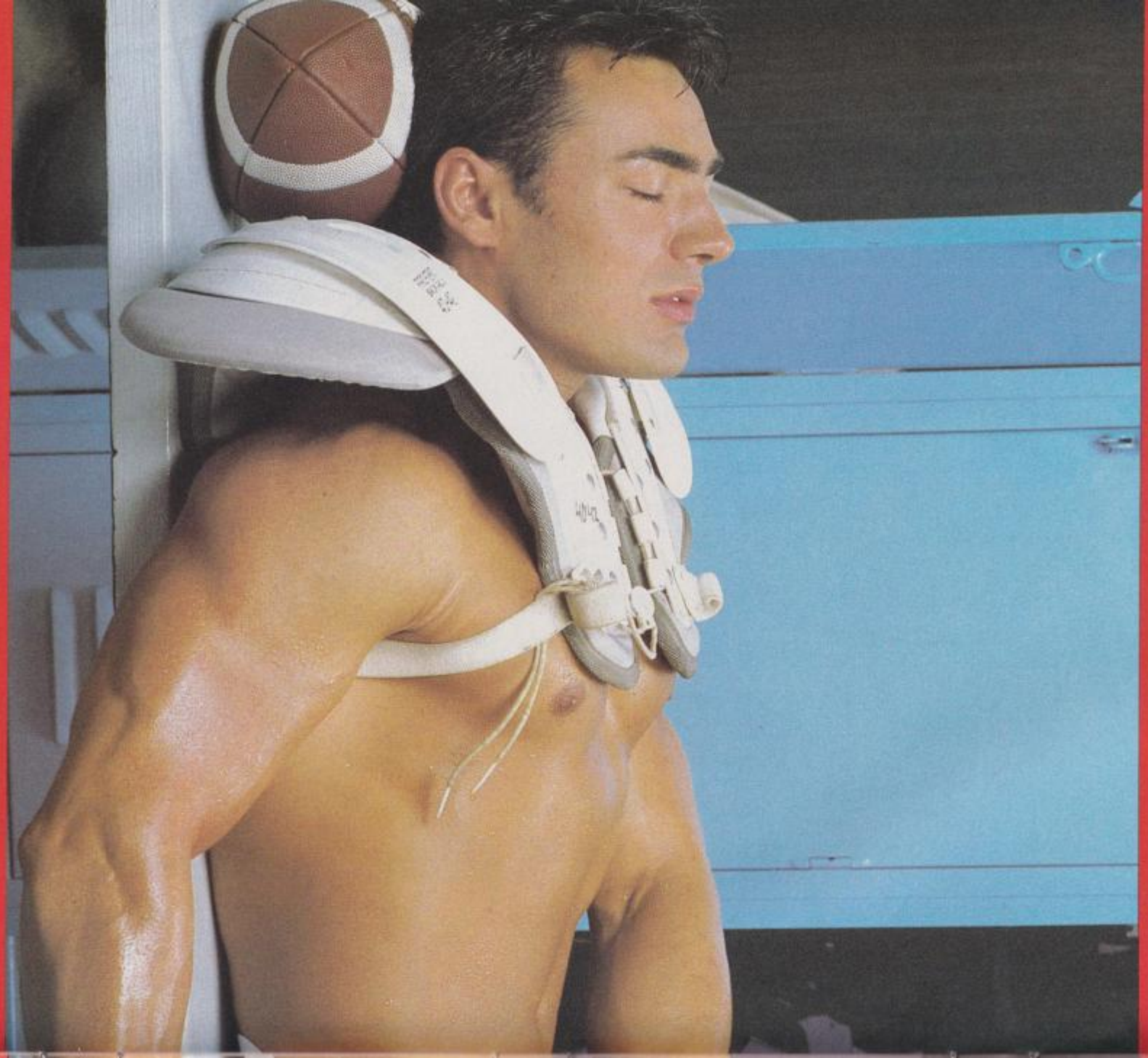

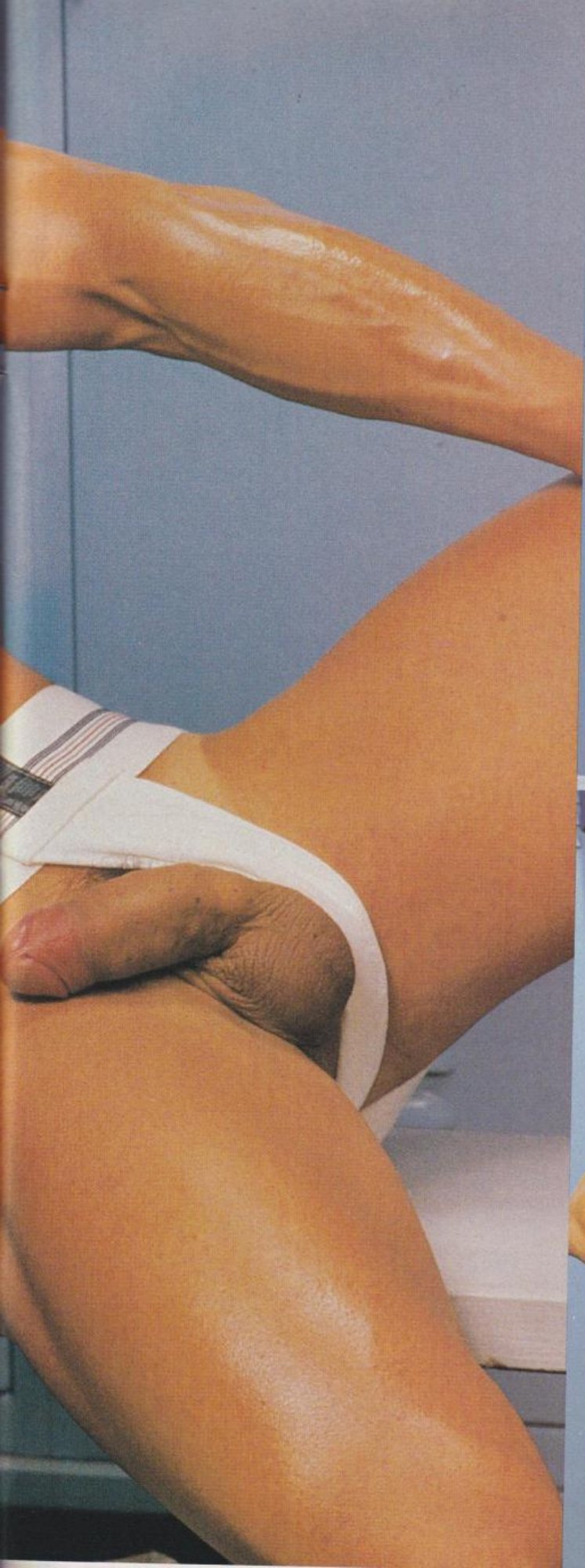

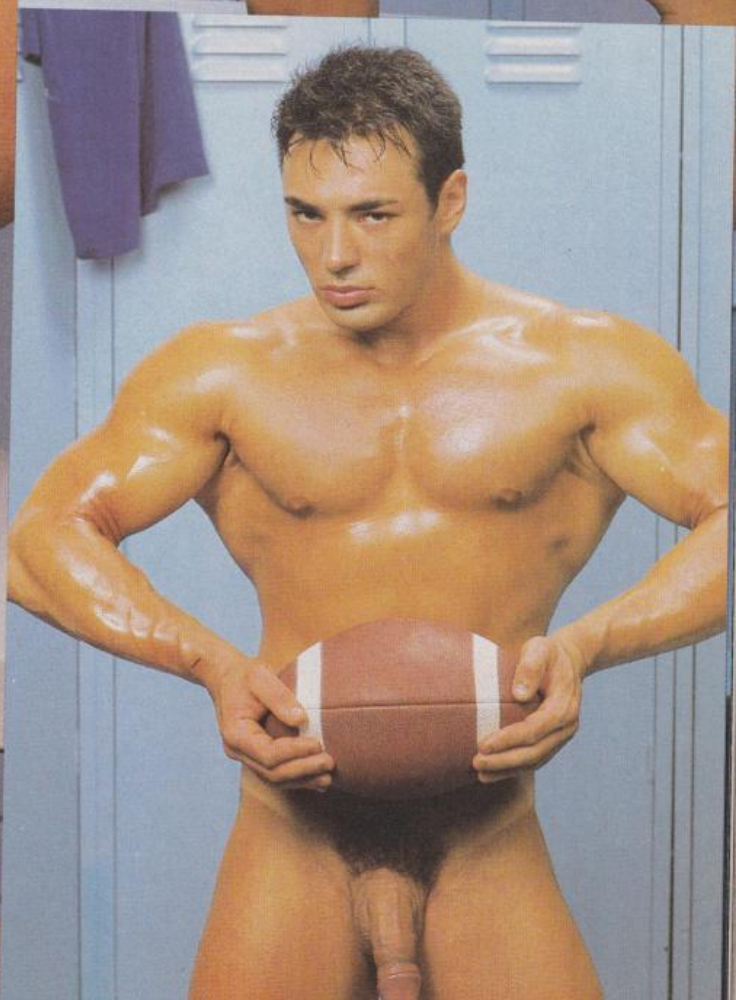

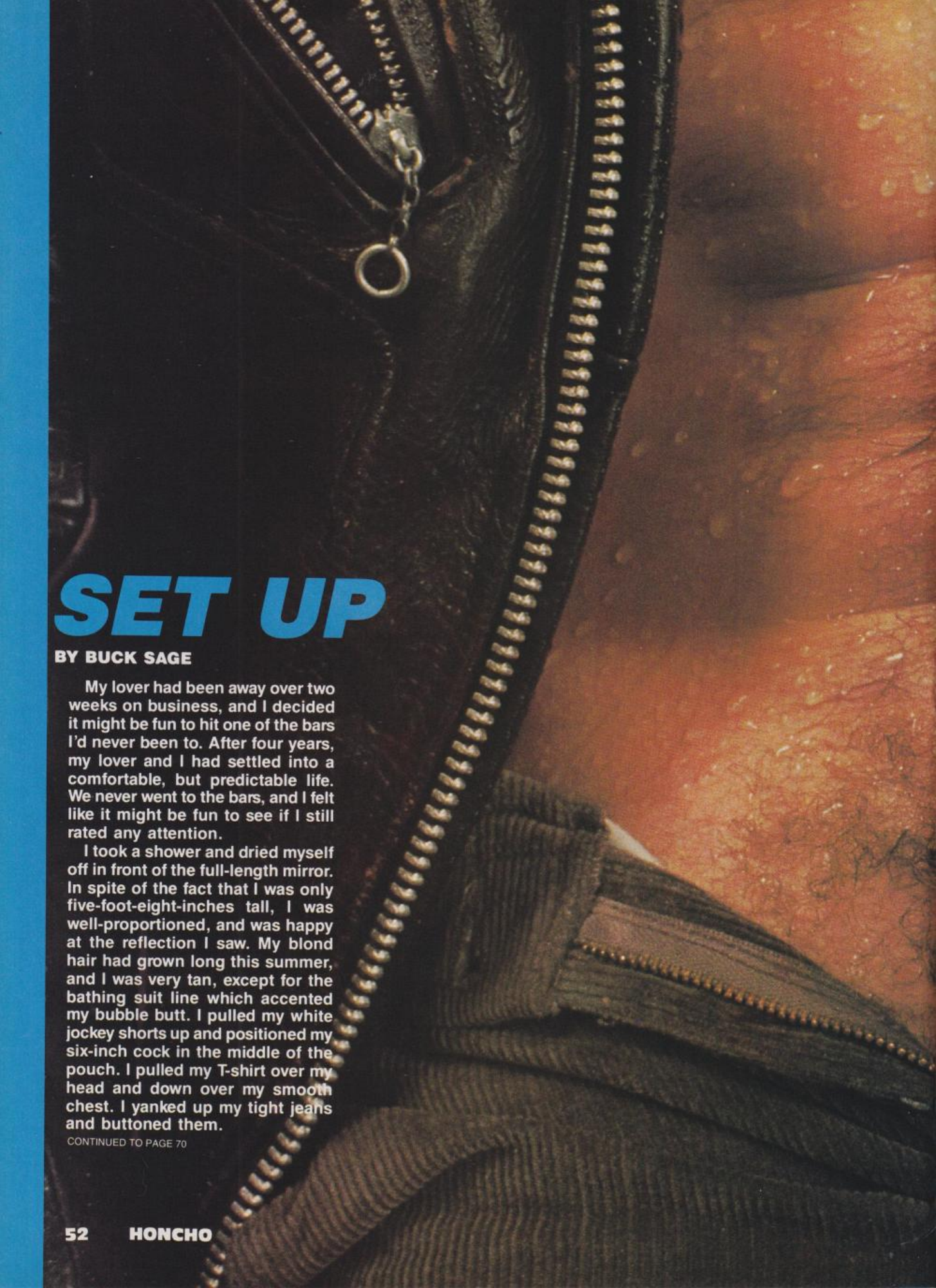

SET UP

BY BUCK SAGE

My lover had been away over two weeks on business, and I decided it might be fun to hit one of the bars I'd never been to. After four years, my lover and I had settled into a comfortable, but predictable life. We never went to the bars, and I felt like it might be fun to see if I still rated any attention.

I took a shower and dried myself off in front of the full-length mirror. In spite of the fact that I was only five-foot-eight-inches tall, I was well-proportioned, and was happy at the reflection I saw. My blond hair had grown long this summer, and I was very tan, except for the bathing suit line which accented my bubble butt. I pulled my white jockey shorts up and positioned my six-inch cock in the middle of the pouch. I pulled my T-shirt over my head and down over my smooth chest. I yanked up my tight jeans and buttoned them.

CONTINUED TO PAGE 70

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...the times they are a-changin'...

THE GAY COPS OF SAN FRANCISCO

I became a policeman in 1980, in a small Southern city, where no one could have accepted a gay policeman. I was Policeman of the Year and then unfortunately they found out I was gay and I had to leave.

The Police—Lilly Law, as my Australian lover used to call them derisively—have never really been favorites of the gay community: there have been too many bar busts and too many arrests of gay men cruising in the parks for that. But a striking thing has been happening in the last ten years; more and more of these police officers, at least in the big cities, are now gay men and women. In San Francisco the percentage of gay policemen working out of any particular station can be as low as 5 percent or as high as 30 percent. Times have obviously changed.

In California, gay policeman have their own fraternal organization, "Pigs In Paradise," which has over 200 members. According to several gay policemen I talked to in putting together this story, New York probably has more gay cops than any other city. Los Angeles comes in a close second, followed by San Francisco. But as you might expect, San Francisco's men in blue are the most open about their sexuality, New York's the most closeted, and Los Angeles' gay cops somewhere in between.

I interviewed four San Francisco Bay Area policemen at a little coffee shop on Castro Street to do this story, three San Franciscans and one Oaklander. Jason Phillips (all names used are pseudonyms) is a tall, beefy San Francisco cop. At the age of 32 he has had some experience with police departments in more benighted areas than this liberal city. "I became a policeman in 1980, in a small Southern city, where no one could have accepted a gay policeman. I was Policeman of the Year one year and then unfortunately they found out I was gay and I had to leave."

Phillips was fired on trumped-up incompetence charges. And then, like many others before him, he made his way to San Francisco looking for a fair break. He found it. "I basically told San Francisco (the San Francisco Police Department) the whole scoop and there was no problem. I fell into a litter of gay cops."

He waited in line at the city's Hall of Justice in order to be the first in line when the city opened testing for new police recruits. And he was hired. When asked how he gets along with his straight co-workers, Phillips answered, "I've never come out and said 'I'm gay', but everyone knows. You know we have bullet-proof vests that can be worn over the groin, and I was putting mine on one day when the dispatcher said to me, 'You can't do that, it will kill your sperm.' 'I don't have to worry,' I told her, 'I've made my deposit in the sperm bank', and then she said, 'What was his name?'"

"The straight people who have a problem with you will avoid you," Phillips continued. "My sergeant and supervisors are so good. As long as I do my job right, and am not fucking around, they'll take care of me. But like in any kind of

BY CHARLES LINEBARGER

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Spellman explained that he is married to another gay cop, but their home life is strained, he said, because he works nights and his lover works days. The highest divorce rate in the world is among cops, gay and straight, according to Spellman.

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large organization there are anti-gay people. They know that open sexual harassment can cause them to be brought up on charges. We did have a sergeant who was picking on another gay cop. We advised the appropriate people that we had a problem and that it should be dealt with before it became a documented incident. Well, the sergeant was reassigned."

Phillips works a foot beat and one thing he enjoys about it is walking into gay bars, "because you know the boys are looking at you. I went into a straight bar last night and a woman came up to me and brushed her hands across my face. She said, 'What a handsome, good-looking cop you are.' I went into a gay bar afterwards and the same thing happened."

Todd Young is 39 years old and joined the San Francisco force six years ago. Young came into the department on the "Consent Decree" at the end of the seventies. The consent decree was a binding piece of arbitration that the city entered into with the local police officers' association and it enables gay men and lesbians to enlist in the department without fear of discrimination.

Young talked to *Honcho* about Pigs In Paradise, the social club for gay police officers in California. Pigs In Paradise is strictly social, said Young. The group gets together regularly to relax and allow members to let their hair down.

Not all the gay policemen and women in San Francisco are members, according to Young. At least half the gay cops are not members.

What do the gay cops do when they get together by themselves? "We party in situations where we know there isn't going to be somebody next door to say, 'oh, those gay cops', but the club is definitely not sexual," he says.

"We do educational things like stress seminars," said John Doakes, a 35-year-old Oakland policeman. "It began over a long period of time but was formalized 4 to 5 years ago. We contribute to charities, like the AIDS Foundation, and gay organizations that need police-like people to help with an event. But we always come in plain clothes."

When Young was asked whether his co-workers knew that he was gay, he answered, "Policemen are the worst gossips in the world; they're worse than a little old ladies' knitting circle."

As for cops and gay men, Young said, "The cop in general is a sex object for gay men. But I have never gone out in my uniform. If I go to the Eagle (a South of Market gay bar) and see a guy there dressed in a cop uniform, I think, 'I live your fantasy'.

"When I walk into a gay bar their first reaction is to be frightened and curious until they decide that you're OK. Or if you know somebody in there who knows you and they come up to you and say, 'Hi,' then you can't do anything wrong. But you can't use that power, because the most you can do is hope they remember your name. Proper behavior is really drilled into you in the police department."

Young admits that he has been in some "real knock-down, drag-out" fights but he undiplomatically called The Rambo Syndrome a Los Angeles problem. "It does exist in the Bay Area," he said, "but I've never witnessed what I consider undue force for the situation. I used to work at Hunter's Point (San Francisco's toughest neighborhood). They put me in the hardest beat in the city believing the little faggot would quit. We did things I still don't believe. The first arrest I ever made was a 300-pound Samoan. I was scared to death but I did it.

"When I arrest a gay man," Young added, "they automatically say, 'you're arresting me because I'm gay.' They deny the fact that they broke the law."

Phillips backed Young up on the absence of the Rambo syndrome among San Francisco's cops. "I've never used my stick on anyone in my life. I've had a lot of opportunities where I could have pulled it out, but I avoided the swing and used a control-hold tactic instead to make an arrest. I've never seen a sadistic cop and if I did see one I'd feel compelled to report it. If I didn't I could lose my job."

Moving away from Rambo and into the area of sexual fantasies, *Honcho* asked Young and Phillips what their idea of an ideal sexual partner was. Young said of his possible sexual partners, "If they know what you do as a profession you have a lot of doubts about them because of people's fantasies about policemen. People I go to bed with have to know other people I know and it's usually better to meet people who don't know what I do. I'm a sexual human being. I don't play roles. What you see is what you get."

"I'm not really dominant," said Phillips. "I like good-sized men. You see I'm big and I don't like them too small. I don't go in at all for the wimpy types. And I never go out with anyone who smokes or takes drugs. I sort of like my dates to be exemplary of my ideas and the standards I'm judged on."

Marty Spellman is a short, stocky blond. He is 33 years old and has been on the San Francisco Police

Force for one year. Why had he become a cop, after having worked as a rancher and a salesman? "I wanted the unpredictability; even in the stations it's a frenzy, everything's changing all the time."

Spellman explained that he is married to another gay cop, but their home life is strained, he said, because he works nights and his lover works days. He also believes that putting two men together in the same house is difficult. The highest divorce rate in the world is among cops, gay and straight, according to Spellman.

And as for the sexual excitement of being a gay policeman in a world where many gay policemen fantasize about cops, Spellman said, "There is no sexual excitement in my job. Sex is very minor and it's all lice and scabies from dealing with winos who are covered with lice and scabies."

But as for his own sexual fantasy, Spellman said, "We're into man-to-man sex. Gay police officers tend to interbreed because it's hard to find people you can trust. We understand one another. If I go to bed with a lay person they're liable to start talking on the street."

Young then added, "It does tend to be a sort of introverted group. There's a certain bonding and trust. We can exchange conversation without exchanging a word. You know what's being communicated."

When asked what his sexual fantasy was, Young responded pertly, "Firemen, of course."

Several of San Francisco's gay policemen have died of AIDS during the five years since the disease began its progression through the gay community. And AIDS has had an effect on gay policemen as it has on gay men in every other profession in the country.

"There's a lot of fear of it by the breeder boys," said Young.

And according to Spellman, "You'll find that the other officers who know you're gay will use that as a hammer to hit you."

John Doakes, the Oakland gay policeman, has been with his department off and on for 13 years. He began with the force when he was 22, and he didn't come out as a gay man until the age of 27. He came out to his supervisor as soon as he had accepted the fact that he was gay.

"Everyone has his own personal philosophy," said Doakes, "and mine is that there is no real time to live falsehoods. So whenever I find that something I do is insincere or phony I go about rectifying it. The first time that came up with a non-significant co-worker was when a fellow officer asked me if I wanted to go on a double-date, and I just told him that I was gay.

"I get along with all my co-workers," added Doakes. "I'm a senior sergeant, so it has not affected my career at all. Naturally with all minorities, you're going to get a chiding, but my co-workers are afraid to tell a gay joke around me. When I find someone holding back on a gay joke I tell them I want

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Gay men and lesbians perform every job and task in this country from U.S. senators to postmen and farmers. You name it, there are gay people in every walk of life. The answer to why a gay would become a policeman is no different from why a gay would become a doctor or anything else.

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Gay Cops Of San Francisco

to hear it. That's what hurts me, when they hold back because I'm around."

When Doakes walks into a gay bar the patrons don't usually know that he is gay and, according to the Oakland cop, the old stereotypes take over. According to Doakes, the time is not that long ago when gay bar owners had to pay kickbacks to the police in order to stay out of trouble—to avoid the fifties-style bar busts where the patrons were led off to the police station in paddy wagons.

To Doakes, being a cop is no different as far as being offered dates than being a telephone repairman. "If someone thinks you're cute they are going to ask for a date. Actually most people are more standoffish with us. So I think we actually get less of it than the average grocery clerk."

Doakes does admit though that many gay men find uniformed authority figures, particularly policemen, to be sexually fascinating. "Everybody has something that will turn them on, certain things that will push your button, like U.S. sailors push mine."

What are his own sexual fantasies like? According to this tall, fair-haired cop you have to love somebody in order to have sexual fantasies about them. But he added, "The more sexual a man is, the more fascinated I am by him. Some men are just sexy. They have good bodies on them. They carry themselves well. They are powerful, aware men who are confident in themselves. As long as a man is confident in himself it doesn't matter if he is a bottom or a top. Watching some guy just roll his eyes and lets you take him, or some guy who just takes you in, that's my fantasy. Anything else is just plain vanilla."

Doakes then recalled a photograph that he had found particularly exciting. It was of a lioness carrying her cub back to her cave. Her big strong jaws holding that cub. "That to me is hot. It's the concept of strength. I also think men's necks are heaven and if a man starts to move I like to gently hold him down by the neck with my muzzle."

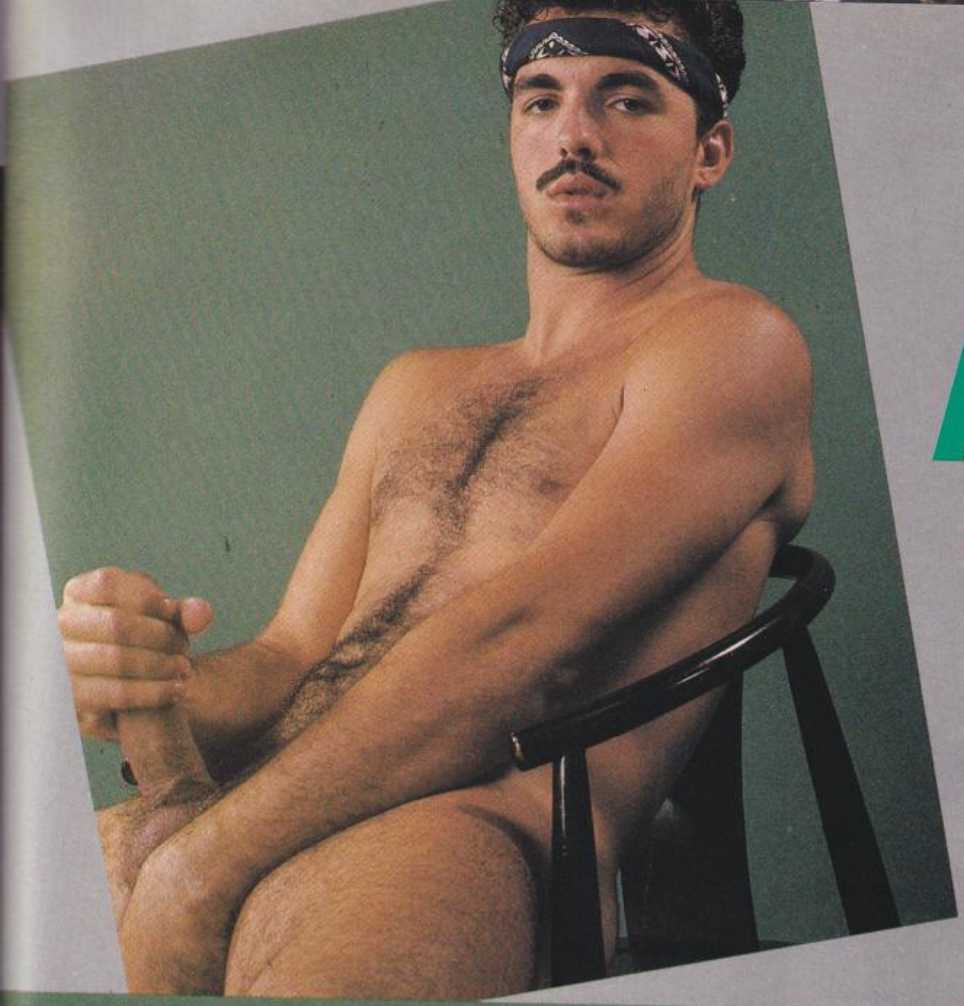
This gay policeman knows of seven other gay cops in Oakland, two of whom are lesbians. "But I know a lot of closet cases. San Francisco probably has more open gay policemen than any other city I know."

Sadly the home lives of all four of the gay policemen we interviewed was less than perfect. Phillips said he had never had a lover because he didn't have enough time for one. "I've had a lot of people who wanted to marry me or be my lover," said Phillips, "but I push it away. I just feel it's impossible." Young noted that a lot of straight policemen are "married miserably. Because it's such a frustrating job you take a lot home with you, a lot of anger."

Young broke up with a lover a year and a half ago, "a lot of it because of the demands in time required of a policeman." Spellman and his lover work different shifts and Doakes separated from his lover 8 months before our interview. They had grown in different directions, the Oakland policeman explained.

Of being a policeman, Doakes said, "the truth is it's just like any other job. Gay men and lesbians perform every job and task in this country from U.S. senators to postmen and farmers. You name it, there are gay people in every walk of life. The answer to why a gay would become a policeman is no different from why a gay would become a doctor or anything else.

"Most of the gay police officers I know," added Doakes, "including myself, are really dedicated police officers. They don't join because of the uniforms or any of that. They're dyed-in-the-wool, dedicated cops. Their reward comes from guarding the community. When they talk among themselves they don't talk about some little cutie on the corner but about the tough situation where they had to take a knife away from somebody. It's a tough job."■



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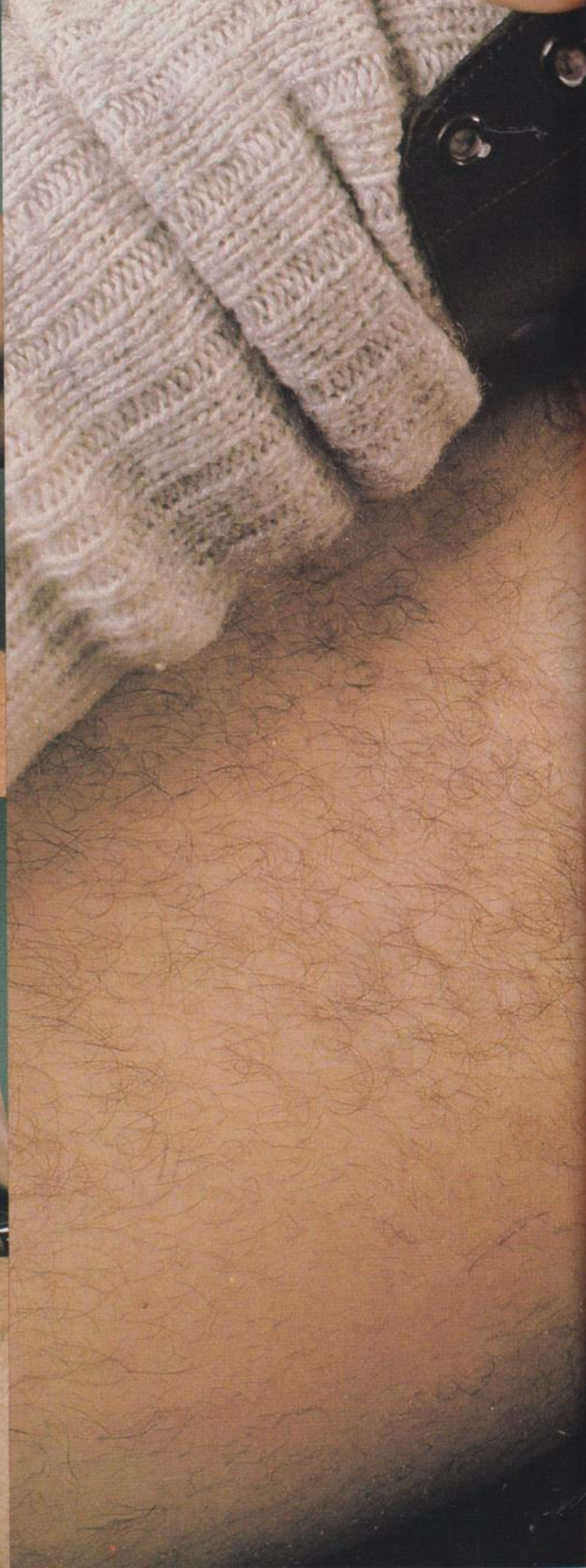

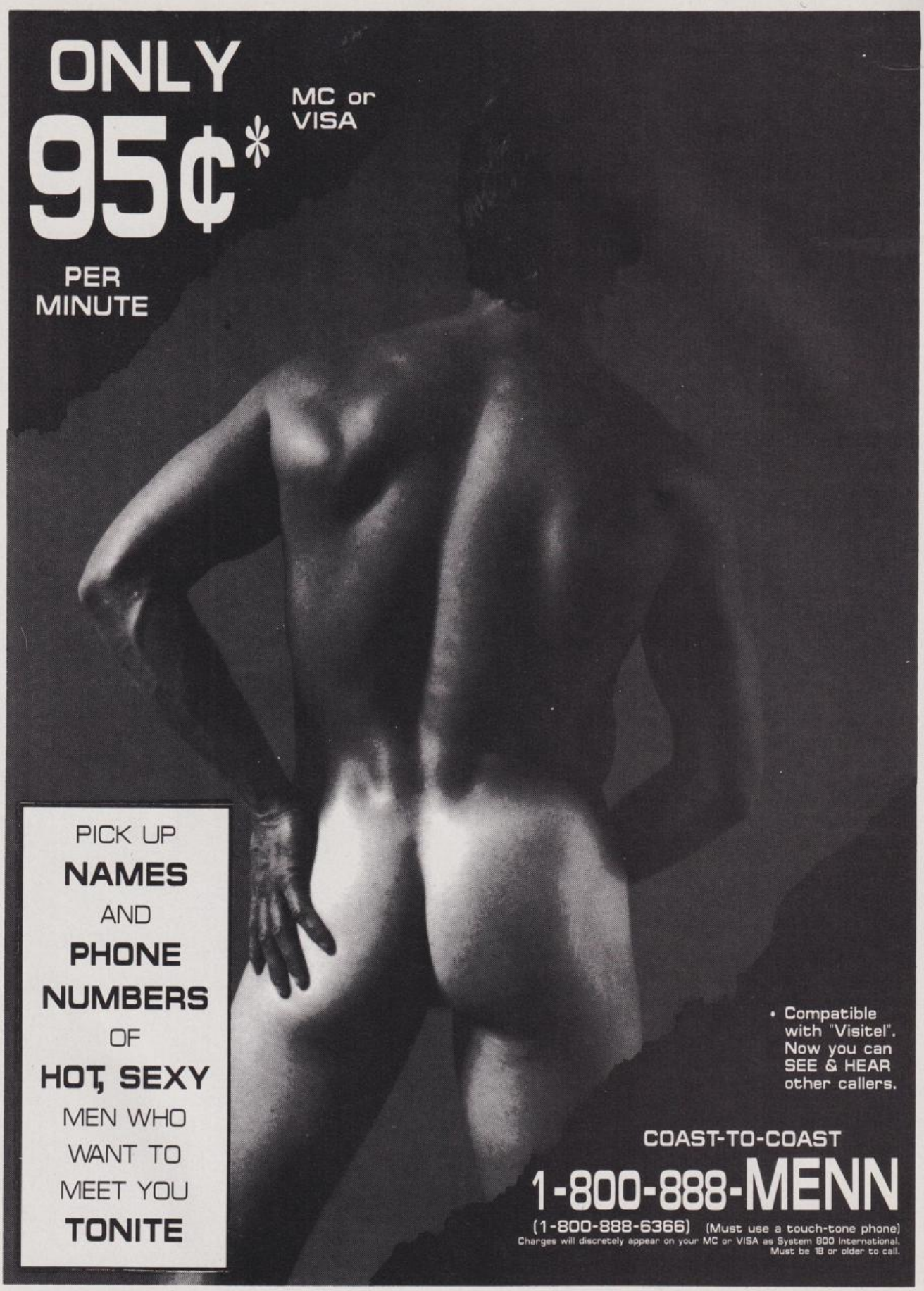
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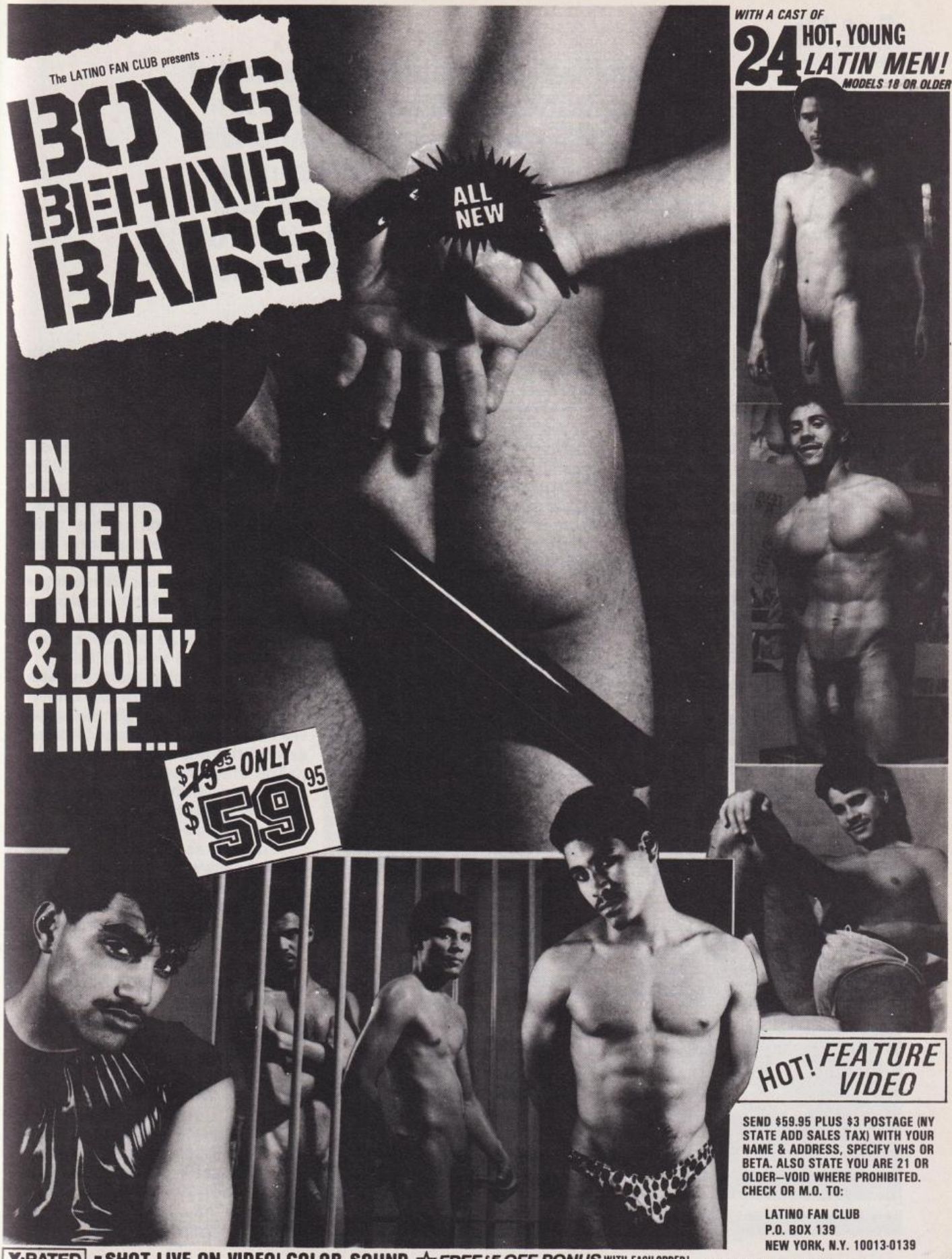
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Set Up

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

His dark hair was cut short, much like a Marine's. His thick, dark eyebrows almost met and made his deep brown eyes look threatening. He had a strong, square face and thick lips. He had a dark shadow of beard. He was wearing a black leather jacket.

My long, wavy hair was almost dry as I finished putting on my socks and sneakers. I put a cup of water in the microwave and made myself a quick cup of instant coffee while I tried to remember the names of the new bars I had read about in the gay paper. The only one I could remember was Raw. It was out in the industrial section of town on Maple Street. I figured with a name like Raw, it probably had nude dancers or bartenders. I felt my crotch swell at the idea.

It was almost 10p.m. when I left the house, but it was still quite warm for September. I put the top down on my old convertible and enjoyed the breeze as I drove the long distance to the west side of town.

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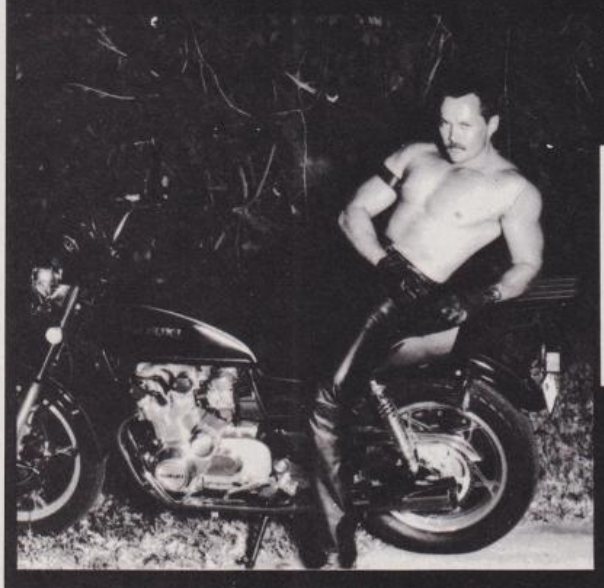

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I had never been to this area before, and after driving around what looked like all the same types of little streets lined with one-story buildings, I found Maple Street.

Maple Street was very dimly lit. Chain link fences surrounded each individual business. Obviously the businesses operated only during normal work hours, as they were shut up tighter than a drum and pitch dark.

The street dead-ended in front of a dimly lit parking lot. I could barely make out the words "Raw" as I drove up closer to the dark cinderblock building.

I parked, noticing that there were only a few cars, but many motorcycles in the lot. I put the top up on my car, locked it, and walked toward the door of the bar.

The entrance door was hard to push open, and once inside, I was blinded by the bare light bulb that glared right in my eyes.

"I need to see your I.D.," a rough voice bellowed at me.

I fumbled in my pocket and held my driver's license up to the light. After a minute's hesitation, I felt a hand pushing me past the guard and inside the smoke-filled room.

The bar wasn't much brighter than the parking lot. I could feel the sawdust on the floor, and the smell of spilled beer filled the air. The smoke burned my eyes as I made my way toward the row of stools that lined the dark wooden bar.

"What'll it be?" the bartender asked. He was hairy and dirty, and he smelled of sweat as he waited for my order.

I ordered a draft. I handed him a dollar as he slammed the mug down in front of me. In the

I was more than willing to taste this hot man's body. I crawled over to Tony. Slowly my tongue memorized every muscle in his legs, every vein of his ballsac and ridge of his stomach. His hairy nipples were flatter than Vito's but the texture was rougher.

distance, I could make out cases of beer lined up against the walls. Here and there I could make out a few groups of guys. The room was too dimly lit and filled with smoke. I couldn't make out their faces.

"The usual?" the bartender asked. I thought he was asking me until I turned around and saw this dark person in a black leather jacket in back of me.

The stranger sat down on my right, leaving two stools between us. He took the bottle of beer from the bartender and threw some change onto the bar.

I felt like I was being stared at, and I turned my head slightly. I swallowed hard as I got a good look at the stranger.

He had turned sideways on the stool, staring me down. He was dark and appeared to be of Italian descent. His black hair was cut short, much like a Marine's. His thick, dark eyebrows almost met and made his deep brown eyes look threatening. He had a strong, square face, thick lips, and a dark shadow of a beard. He was wearing a black leather jacket.

I turned away, embarrassed at having looked at him so long. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was taking a swig of his beer. I heard him belch. I could still feel his eyes on me. I felt my cock flex at the thought of this hot stud. I took a deep breath, turned towards him again, and said, "Hi."

He didn't answer. He stared right at me and very slowly unzipped his leather jacket, exposing his powerful, hairy pecs. He folded his arms across his chest and just stared at me.

I didn't know what to do. I froze, staring back at him. I let my eyes wander down his body to his hairy, flat stomach. His jeans were tightly cinched with a black belt, and his basket was enormous.

He kept his eyes on me as he took another swig of beer. Then he folded his arms across his chest again, daring me to keep looking at him.

I was hypnotized by his authority. My eyes drank in his bulging pecs.

He took a quarter off the bar and walked over to the phone. He stood with his back to me while he made a call from the phone on the wall across the room. His shoulders were wide, and his jeans were so tight. The ass of his jeans pulled from the strain of his big basket. He was wearing black boots, and looked to be over six feet tall.

I discovered that if I squinted real hard at the mirror in back of the bar, I could observe him as he made his call.

Still talking on the phone, he turned around, well-aware that I was watching his every move. He ran his free hand just inside the front of his jeans, and then he groped his crotch.

I felt my whole body tremble as I watched this hot man teasing me.

I tried to be cool as I saw him hang up the phone and walk back to his stool. I looked in the mirror and saw that he was facing me again. I turned and looked at him.

He just glared at me, knowing that he was driving me crazy with his animal quality.

I turned away, pretending to look for something in my pocket. I fumbled around and counted my few dollar bills and then just looked across the room, not knowing what to do anymore.

Suddenly he was next to me. He reached over, grabbed my beer mug, put it with his empty beer bottle and slid them out of my reach.

I turned towards him again. I saw his dark eyes looking straight at me.

He got up from his stool, walked by me, bumping my shoulder with his arm.

I waited a few minutes, then I turned around on my stool and looked toward the direction of the doorway.

He was standing there, staring back at me. He was leaning against the wall, his right hand on his belt buckle, his fingers just barely touching his swollen crotch. He waited a minute or so, then turned and left the bar.

I started to tremble. I was nervous. I was excited. *What the hell was going on!* I didn't care. All I knew was that I wanted more.

I jumped down off the stool and walked outside. It took a few minutes to realize that he had disappeared. Dejected, I started to walk to my car.

All of a sudden, I heard the roar of a motorcycle as it sped toward me. It was him! He stopped, letting the motor idle. He didn't say a word. He didn't look at me.

Without thinking, I got on the big bike. I had all I could do to grab him around the waist as he jerked the bike into a spin and sped down the dark street. I could feel the dark, curly hair on his stomach as I clasped my two hands together, holding on for my life as I felt the engine gaining speed.

He stood between my legs with his massive cockhead rubbing against my asshole. My feet were on the desk, Tony now held my thighs up to get a better aim at my tight fuckhole while my mouth rested over Vito's big meat.

We passed three blocks that all looked alike, and suddenly the bike drove through an open gate of one of the many chain link fences. We were going too fast to read the sign, but it had something to do with motorcycle repairs.

Once inside the gate, we jerked to a stop and I jumped off.

He leaned the motorcycle against the wall and pulled the gate closed, locking it with a big lock and chain.

I looked around and all I could see were motorcycles in all phases of repair.

He walked over to me now. He grabbed the bottom of my T-shirt and lifted it until it was covering my head.

"Hey, what's going on?" I asked. I felt him grab my arms and put them in back of me. With his big, strong hand, he held my two wrists together, and I felt myself being pushed forward. I heard a door being opened and then heard it slam shut. It sounded like a heavy metal door.

"What took you so long?" a deep voice asked. "Vito needs service!"

I felt the T-shirt being pulled off my head. My wrists were still being firmly held behind me. I was in sort of a loft. The floor was concrete and the walls were rough wood. There was a dirty old desk in one corner. Overhead was a strong work light on a long extension cord. The light was focused on Vito. I gasped when I saw him. What had I gotten myself into?

Vito, obviously Italian, was sitting on a black leather chair. He looked to be over six feet tall. He was naked except for a hard hat, mirrored glasses, construction boots and heavy grey wool socks. He had a strong chest. He was fairly smooth except for a thick mat of black pubic hair. His nipples were like two pink knobs and his stomach was rippled. His balls were big and smooth and thickly veined. He had a killer dick that looked harder than a rock.

I felt my heart beating faster and faster as I wondered what would happen next.

"Sorry, Vito," my captor said. "This cocksucker took a little longer than usual."

"Well," Vito said looking at me though his dark glasses, "we're just going to have to teach you a lesson for holding Tony up so long."

Tony, now at least I knew who was who. I turned around to see if I could run out the door, but then I remembered the outside gate being locked. I froze in place as I felt Tony letting go of my wrists.

"Bring him over here," Vito said. He sat up straight, waiting for his victim.

"Now I want to watch you give my buddy a tongue bath," Tony said, as he shoved me toward Vito's chair. "You start by licking his nipples."

I walked over to Vito. My eyes took in this hot man as he leaned back in the chair with his hands behind his head, his big dick straight up in the air, his shaved nuts heavy with cum. I leaned over him and let my tongue wash his erect, big nipples, feeling them harden from the sensation.

"Lick my buddy's nipples good. Yeah, now run your tongue down his stomach," Tony ordered.

Suddenly I felt something moist under my balls, and I realized that Tony was rubbing lubricant around my asshole. His other hand gripped the hair on my head to keep me from moving.

"Man, is he *tight*," Tony said as his fingers probed. "Run that tongue down to my buddy's balls," Tony said to me. "Yeah, now suck those big shaved nuts in your mouth!"

As I felt the smooth fullness of Vito's balls filling my mouth, I felt Tony's finger exploring inside me. I started to moan.

"Yeah, he likes it," Vito said. "Fuck his ass good with your finger."

I felt Vito's hands gripping the back of my head, leading my lips to his erect, brown nipples.

"Suck them in your mouth," Vito ordered. "Yeah, oh, yeah!"

I felt Tony's finger moving in and out of my asshole. He'd put it all the way in, causing me to tighten my ass. As soon as I tightened, he'd pull his finger out fast, driving me crazy.

"Lick my pits," Vito ordered.

I moved my tongue from one hairy armpit to the other while Vito laughed triumphantly and Tony's finger explored my asshole.

"Yeah, now lick my stomach, cocksucker," Vito ordered. His hands guided my mouth over the ripples of his muscled stomach.

I felt Tony's finger pulling out of my moist asshole and I heard him taking off his boots. I could hear him unbuttoning his jeans and dropping them to the floor.

"Now you take care of my hairy buddy," Vito said. He pushed me away. "Get down on your knees, turn around and crawl over to Tony."

I got down on my knees and turned around. I couldn't believe how turned on I was by this whole scene as I crawled towards my captor.

Tony stood in the middle of the

room. He looked like the hottest hairy stud I'd ever seen. His chest was powerful, and thick, curly black hair covered his pecs. He stood there with his arms folded and I marvelled at his strong forearms. The black hair ran down his flat stomach, clustering in a dark circle around his navel and forming a thick darker pattern to his crotch.

"Now you start at his knees, boy, and you lick my buddy's legs and balls and belly and chest until all his hair is wet, you hear me?" Vito ordered.

"Yes, Sir," I answered, my own cock waving in the air. I was more than willing to taste this hot man's body. I crawled over to Tony. Slowly my tongue memorized every muscle in his legs, every vein of his ballsac and ridge of his stomach. His hairy nipples were flatter than Vito's but the texture was rougher.

"Get the rubbers, Tony," Vito said. "I think it's time to spear him."

I was left kneeling in the middle of the room while Tony walked over to the desk. He threw a rubber to Vito and opened one himself. I watched as both these hot studs stretched the rubbers over their anxious cocks.

Vito moved his chair close to the desk and sat down, leaning back. His rubber-covered meat waved in the air and his shaved balls moved up and down as he waited.

Tony positioned me on my knees with my face in Vito's crotch. "Put Vito's dick in your mouth, cocksucker," Tony ordered as he gave my ass a slap.

I obeyed, first crowning the big cockhead with my lips. I could feel the strong veins of Vito's sex muscle through the rubber as it throbbed in my mouth.

"He loves it," Vito said, as he pushed my head further down on his thick shaft.

Suddenly I felt Tony grab my ankles, resting them on the edge of the desk while he stood between my legs with his massive cockhead rubbing against my asshole. My feet were on the desk. Tony now held my thighs up to get a better aim at my tight fuckhole while my mouth rested over Vito's big meat.

"He needs a good fucking," Vito said as his hands moved my head up and down on his cock.

I moaned as the head of Tony's big rod forced my asshole open. I trembled from the size of his tool.

"Plug his hole," Vito laughed, as he made me lick the shaft of his cock. "Fuck the shit out of him!"

Tony started ramming his cock harder and deeper. I could hear his big balls slapping against my ass as he rode me hard. He started to grunt loudly and he arched his back.

"Drive it home! Give him cock!" Vito said.

"YAAAAH!" Tony yelled as he gave in to his climax.

I could feel the rubber filling up with that hot man cum as his balls slapped once more against my buns.

"Owww!" I cried, as Tony pulled his long dick out of me with one fast move.

"Shut up," Tony said as he let go of my legs and turned me around.

"Sit on it," Vito ordered as he gripped his big dick with both hands. The rubber-coated dick was wet from my saliva.

"I can't, not now, I'm sore, I can't," I pleaded. But I was no competition for these two animals. Vito grabbed me under the arms and lifted me while Tony spread my legs and lowered me until Vito's cockhead was stretching my asshole open once more. Then they lowered me until I was impaled on Vito's swollen dick. I started to moan but Tony held my head back and stuffed his big, hairy nuts in my mouth bouncing his cock on my face.

I had never been fucked in that position, and felt like I was filled up inside with cock. I could feel every flex and throb of Vito's rubber-covered dick.

Tony took his balls out of my mouth and pulled the rubber off his cock. He was turned on again by Vito's grunting and my moaning. "Jack off," he shouted to me.

Vito stopped slow-fucking me and started pumping it up deeper and deeper inside me while I jerked my meat and Tony worked on his big cock.

I felt Vito's cockhead explode inside the rubber, filling it with hot cum. I felt my own dick ready to shoot and I moaned loudly as it sprayed Tony's hairy stomach with white cream as Tony's huge prick showered my pecs with his big load.

I was allowed to clean up and after I had promised to follow Tony immediately if I ever saw him in the bar again, I was driven back to my car. ■

MUSEUM PIECE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Growling like a sex-starved grizzly, I tore into that guy's chest. And, man, did he love it. Bawling his fool head off, he twisted and turned and flexed and grabbed at my head with shouts for me to keep at it and to bite harder.

off his brow at a concert in Los Angeles in the summer of 1958. It was retrieved from the stage floor by Trixie Reimer after the concert. Donated 1980 in memory of T. Reimer."

Before moving to the next display I looked back at the guard. He was still staring at me, though now his eyes seemed to be taking in my lower regions and something mean and large was obviously growing in his grey slacks. Now, I'm not being boastful when I say that I have a nice pair of bounceable buns, but you see my dad was Italian and my mother was from Morocco, so with a combination like that I could hardly lose in the ass department. Even so, my rear end doesn't usually cause people to stare as rudely as that guy was doing.

I sort of shuddered and looked away, then moved on to the next artifact, a bust of Jackie O, a white lacy handkerchief and a note saying that it had been picked up from the first class section of an Olympic Airways 707 in 1969. The note told viewers to look for the pale pink lipstick stain in one corner, and there it was, the actual imprint of Jackie's lips.

This time as I glanced back at the guard my cock really quaked. The bulge in his pants was more prominent than before and as my eyes met his he reached down to adjust his crotch. I turned away, sort of freaked out by the obviousness of the guy. He looked like the type who'd bite my nipples off, gnaw the head of my cock till it was all bruised and sore, and then fuck me like a runaway pile driver.

"Hey fella, we're closing in five minutes so you'd better speed it up if you want to see everything." The cold way he spat out the words did nothing to change my opinion of him.

I moved on to the next display case. It was quite impossible to know whether the exhibits were genuine or not: a bloody reminder of a Mickey Mantle nosebleed, a scarlet lipstick stain attributed to Joan Crawford and a filthy artifact supposedly bearing some of Hitler's snot. The final display was not only behind glass, but in front of the case were steel bars and a sign warning that any tampering would set off an electronic alarm. Inside was a bust of da Vinci and on the tray in front was an ancient looking piece of linen which purported to have been used by the great painter himself to clean his brushes while working on the Mona Lisa.

I was bending down to get a closer look when two hands grabbed my buns in a vise-like grip and squeezed. "You still here?" barked the guard.

"Yes, but it's only—" I looked at my watch as I straightened up and twisted out of his grip. "Oh, it is after five. Sorry, I—"

"Don't sorry me. We both know why you're still here. You're after a good fuck, aren't you?"

"Really, I didn't realize—"

"Didn't realize what? How good my cock would feel stuffed up that million dollar ass of yours?" He grabbed me by the arm and propelled me towards the exit. "Admit it, you want me, don't you? I saw you eyeing my dick. I know you're hungry for it." He led me through the now deserted gift shop and into a small room behind the cash register. He slammed the door and pulled off his jacket, throwing it onto an old sofa along one wall. In the corner there was a table holding a coffee machine and two chipped cups.

"Stop staring around and take off my clothes."

"What?"

"You heard me. Take off my clothes. You can start with my boots." He sat down on the sofa and extended two size-twelve shiny black boots. I suppose at that point I could've turned around to make a getaway, but instead I bent down and pulled at the laces while he kept up a steady delivery of threats and instructions.

"When you got those boots off me you're gonna yank off my socks and then you're gonna unbutton my shirt. You hear that?"

I nodded.

"You speak to me, boy. Yes sir! That's what you say. You hear me?"

"Yes sir."

"And when you've got my shirt off you're gonna chew on my tits. You're gonna suck in my big man-tits and you're gonna bite them and chew on them till I tell you to stop. You hear?"

"Yes sir."

"So get started."

I pulled of this shirt and like he'd said, his tits certainly were man-sized. He must've spent every spare minute in the gym because his tits were great thick slabs of muscle with the nipples looking like scratch-and-sniff stickers pasted on as an afterthought. I gave the left one an experimental lick.

"Bite it boy. I ain't no pussycat."

I opened my mouth and clamped it over as much of his chest as I could. "That's it, boy. Suck it in and chew me up." He flexed his muscle and heaved his chest forward, shoving more than I'd have thought possible into my mouth.

"Now bite, boy. Chew me up real good."

It was as if that mouthful of muscular tit had pushed some button in the back of my head because suddenly I abandoned all inhibitions and, growling like a sex-starved grizzly, tore into that guy's chest. And, man, did he love it. Bawling his fool head off, he twisted and turned and flexed and grabbed at my head with shouts for me to keep at it and to bite harder. Finally when his chest was starting to look pretty red and thoroughly mauled he shouted, "Stop it. Get my pants off."

"Yes sir!" I yelled, fumbling with his buckle and fly. He heaved his torso up, and in one hefty pull I yanked off his underwear and pants. More shudders coursed through my body making my cock rock hard. What a gruesome looking cock the guy had. It was the direct opposite of those sweet, little satiny tubes most of the guys in the magazines sport. This one was real mancock, a genuine number ten, and thick around with scars and purple veins scouring the sides. The almost black head was wild and primitive-looking with a puddle of clear liquid oozing out of the long slit.

Beneath the hairy base of his Cro-Magnon root were his balls, two hearty globes that in the heat of his trousers had stretched their dark sac so that they hung well down between his thick thighs.

"Okay boy, suck it. Give it a real overhaul. Take her apart and put her together again. I want every inch worked over."

"Yes sir," I grunted, my tongue already exploring his powerful sperm factories. I slicked his hairy sac all down with my tongue and then sucked his left ball into my mouth. It was a big mouthful but I managed to swirl it around.

"Both of them, boy. Chew on both of them, you hear?"

"Yes sir," I mumbled through my mouthful of hairy scrotum. Nudging the other with my fingers I finally managed to suck it in too, but I can tell you there wasn't much room left over for movement. Apparently I didn't have to worry about that, for once I had them both firmly lodged in my mouth he started to buck and heave his pelvis up and down.

This was one real mancock, a genuine number ten, and thick around with scars and purple veins scouring the sides. The almost black head was wild and primitive-looking with a puddle of clear liquid oozing out of the long slit.

"Hold onto them, boy. Don't let go," he bawled, as he contorted his body and yanked at his balls, and then he stood up and stepped right over me. Terrified that my teeth might clamp down and castrate the bastard, I had to follow him around the room on my knees, my head butting his heavy buttocks with every step. Every few paces he'd stop, give a yank against his balls in my mouth, throw back his head and scream like a wounded bull.

"Spit em out, boy," he ordered after we'd done three circuits of the room. "Now take off your clothes. Big man here wants to have a gander at that hot ass you're carrying around." He sat on the sofa while I stood up and pulled off my shirt and pants. Without waiting for me to remove my underwear the guard spun me around so my back was to him and yanked down the band of my shorts.

"Boy, is that thing real?" he asked, leaning forward and giving my left cheek a bite.

"Yes, sir."

Then he grabbed me around the waist and flipped me onto the sofa so that I was lying across his hairy knees, our cocks wedged in between his thighs. He placed his big hands onto my rear end and started squeezing and rubbing my cheeks. Then he disgorged a big gob of spit into his hand and rubbed it into the deep crack of my ass. I felt his big hands spread my cheeks and then he bent over and his long, wet tongue drilled its way into my love slot.

"You want my cock in there, don't you?" he said, coming up for air.

"Yes, sir."

"You want to feel my big dick grinding around in your guts."

"Yes, sir."

He dived in with his tongue again and set to work getting me all lubed up with his spit. I started squirming around and reached between his legs for his cock, grabbed the head and rubbed his precum all over it and halfway down the rough shaft.

Suddenly he jerked his head up, slapped me on the ass and yelled, "Straddle me, boy. Glue those cheeks to my crotch. Not that way, boy. You don't turn your back to the boss man. I want to see your eyes when I'm fucking you."

I turned around and straddled him. He covered his cock with a handful of spit while I levered myself up on my knees and angled my ass towards his glistening pole.

"Open your eyes," he growled. "I want to see the look of joy on your face when you feel this big rod rising into your gut."

I opened my eyes but if anything it was fear he saw there. I'd always fantasized about being ordered around, ordered to take some hulk's throbbing cock up my rear, but now that it was about to happen I wasn't so sure.

"Sit on it boy." He thrust his pelvis upwards, butting the slippery head of his cock against my hole. I moved down, settled the flesh of my butt around it, and once again it was like my button had been pushed. The sensation of that big plumhead pushing against my hole set off my animal instincts.

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I ground my ass down, popped the head inside my slippery cave and then gobbled up that rough cock. As it slid inside me I threw my legs into the air on either side of the guard and snuggled my ass deep within his groin. Then without realizing what was happening I grabbed for his neck and wrapped my legs around his waist because the crazy bastard was standing up. He just flexed his big Goliath thighs and the next minute he was standing in the middle of the room where he bounced up and down on the balls of his feet, driving that dick of his even deeper into my fuckhole.

Having that rough rod of his jammed in there against my prostate had to be the biggest sexual thrill I'd ever experienced. I felt totaly dominated by him, totally dependent on him for my very existence because with one misstep he could've ripped me to pieces. He stepped back to the sofa, lowered us both down, then swung sideways and lay back, leaving me sitting impaled on top of him. He began thrusting his wide hips up and down and at the same time he grabbed my hard tool.

"You're gonna come, boy. You hear. You're gonna come all over my face cause I'm gonna fuck you till the shit falls outta you. That's it. Sink down, boy. Sink that fine ass of yours right down on my cock. Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I panted.

"This is the best fuck of your life, right boy? You love being ripped apart."

"Yes, sir."

"You're getting close boy. Real close. Just a couple more thumps in that nice fat ass of yours and you're gonna spew all that seed of yours right out onto my face."

And that's exactly what happened. Twice he practically pulled all the way out, then thrust in hard, driving the life juices right out of me to land in silvery trails all over his face. He opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue, and with a finger swept it into his mouth.

"Stop! Stop, you bastard!" I yelled as he grabbed my cock again, started pumping away at it and resumed thrusting his Cro-Magnon root in and out of my ass. "Fuck you! You're gonna kill me!" I yelled, but he kept right on pounding away at my slot like a jackhammer gone berserk. He threw his head back and from side to side; his eyes bulged and then he arched his back high, carrying us both into the air as he shot his jism deep within my boiling guts. A couple more thrusts to drive his load home and then he collapsed onto the sofa. There were tears in his eyes. I leaned down intending to kiss him.

"Go, boy. Get your clothes on and go."

I straightened up, sucking every last drop from his cock as it slid out of me while he whimpered like a baby and covered his face with his hands.

I dressed quickly, and without saying anything slipped through the gift shop and onto the street. Across the way people were lined up waiting to get into Ripley's Believe It Or Not museum. I didn't join them. Just having had the biggest, roughest fuck of my life I didn't feel the need of any further stimulation. ■

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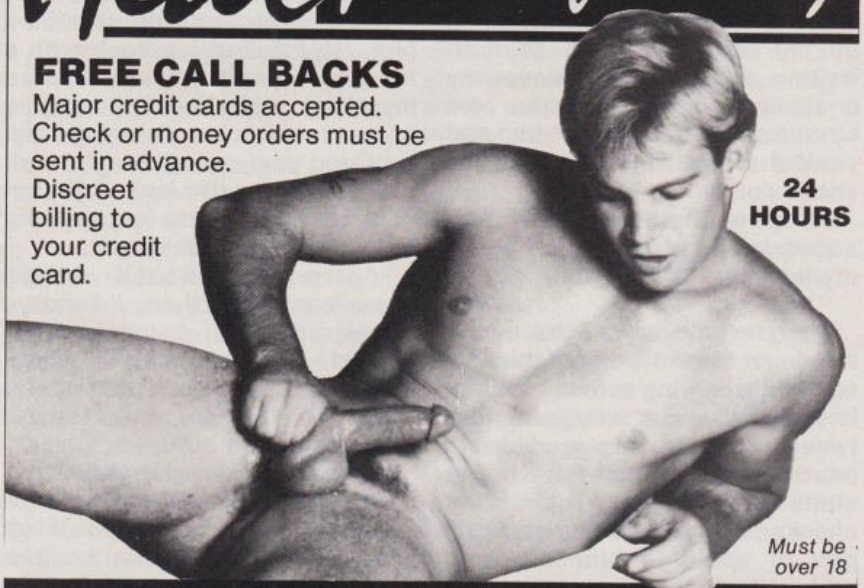

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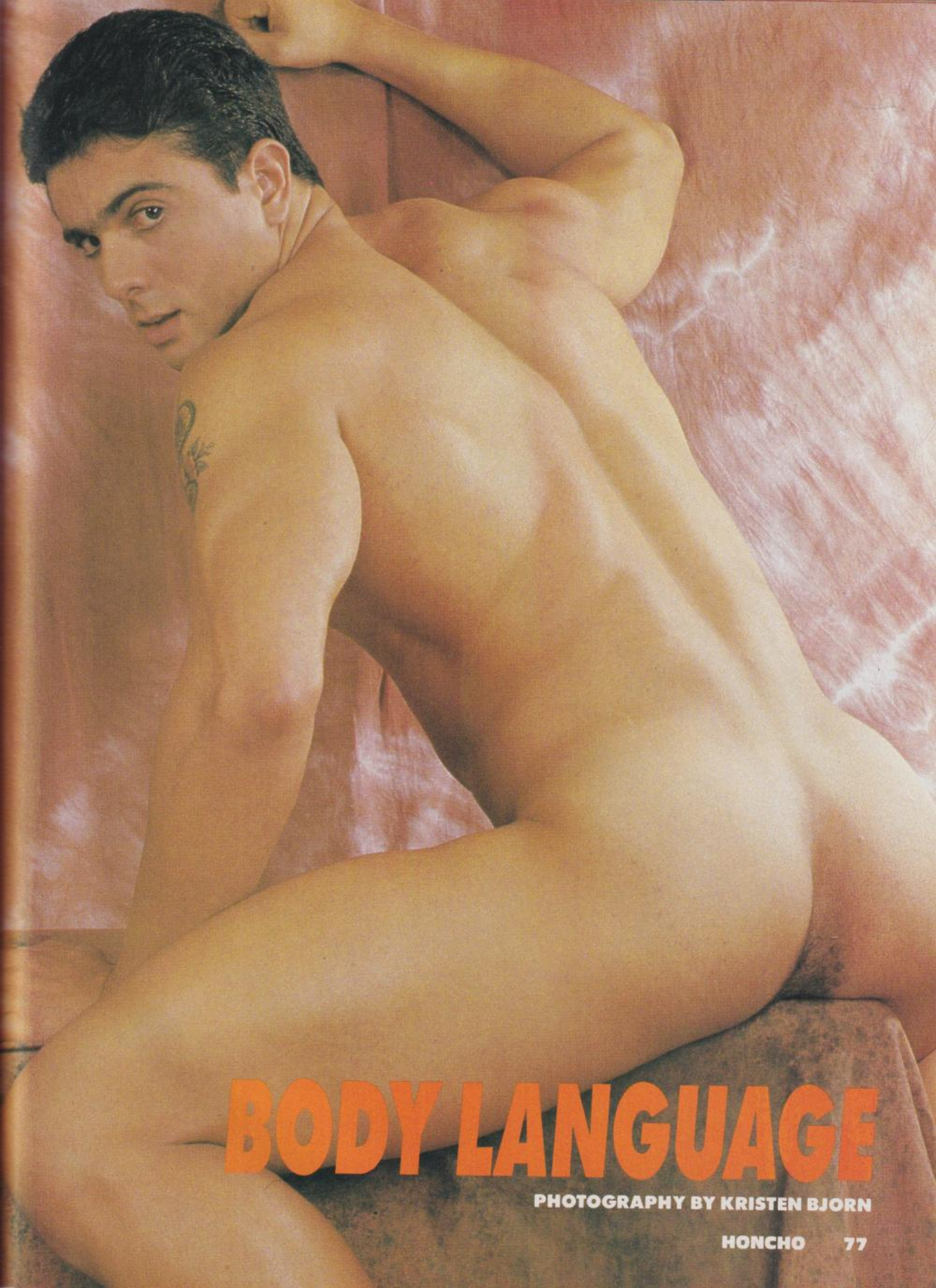

BODY LANGUAGE

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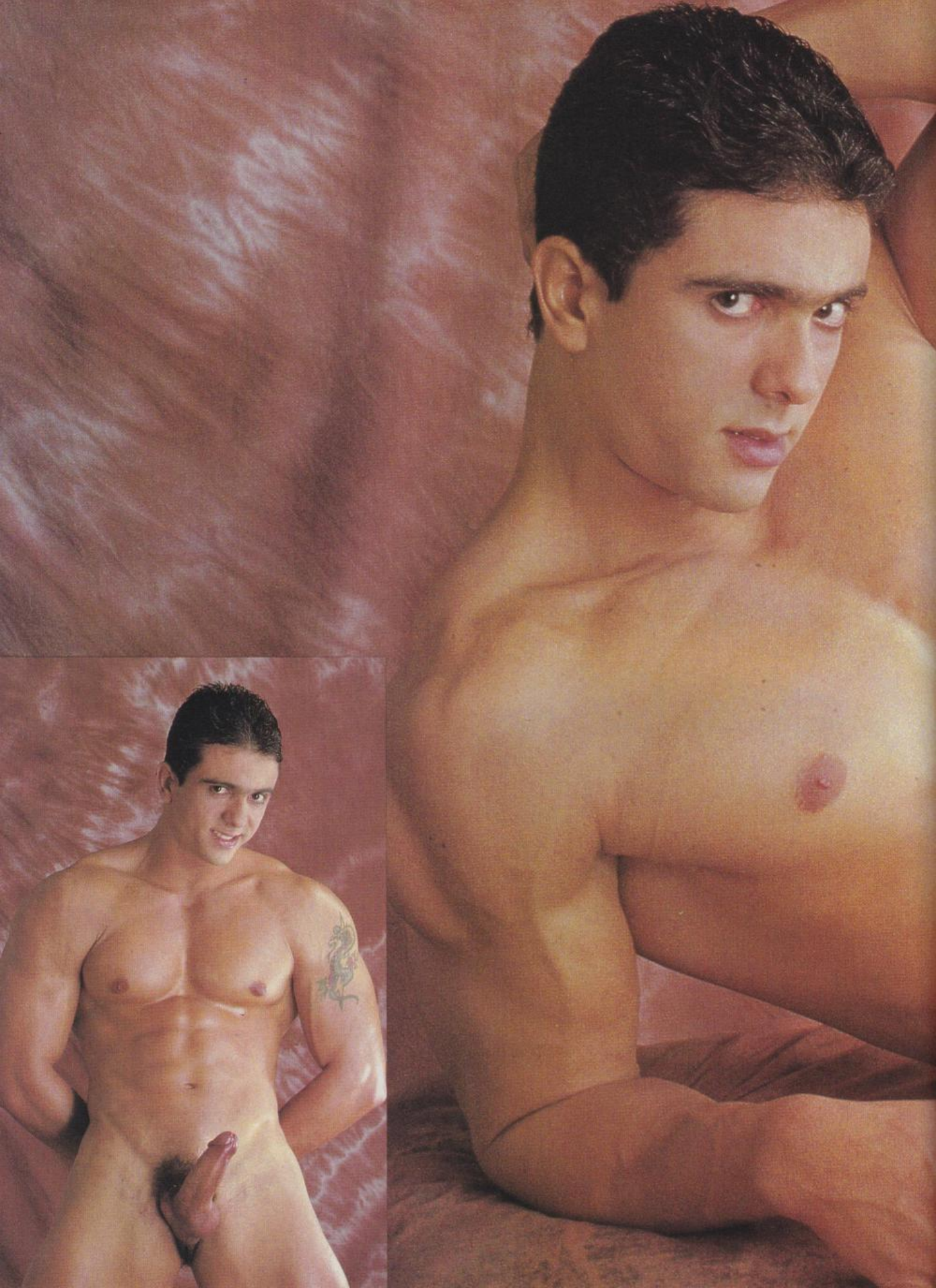

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A Soldier Of The Legion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

him. I knew that was what he wanted all the time! He gave me a rough hug, and then impulsively he pressed his hot lips hard against mine and plunged his tongue deep into my mouth. Then he got dressed hurriedly and told me to do the same. *"Allons, mon copain"*, he said, *"Depeche-toi!"* ("Come on, buddy. Hurry up!") Just for fun, I picked up his *kepi blanc* and started to put in on my head, but he snatched it off and said I would have to earn my own. Then he threw me a red beret, the distinctive headgear of all parachute regiments.

The next thing I knew, we were in a helicopter, far above the earth, and the other recruits were strapping on their parachutes. I put mine on too, watching the others so I would get it right. I had always thought parachute training was supposed to start out with practice jumps of a few feet, from a platform or something, to build up confidence, but I didn't have time to protest. I felt slightly nauseous as my turn got closer, but I didn't want my new buddies to think I was a wimp, so when the big moment arrived, I took a deep breath and jumped.

The last thing I remember is struggling with the rip-cord, but at that point I woke up shaking like a leaf, with a pool of sticky cum on the sheets. I don't know whether the fucking thing opened or not!

Back in reality, as I got ready to go to work, I thought about how boring my life was, and I made up my mind to do something about it. Yes sir, on my next vacation, I was heading straight for France! ■

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The Gay Guesthouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

watch?" he asked, mimicking Philip's accent and manner.

"Sure," Roger said, with bravado. "Hell, climb in with us, if you feel like it!"

"What I really feel like doing, at the moment, is drinking a cup of Andrew's coffee, and eating one of his fresh-baked rolls, and reading his morning paper, if he has one delivered." With a grin, Mitchell zipped up his fly, forcing his stiff prick against his belly, and, barefooted and stripped to the waist, wandered out of the room, leaving the door ajar.

Roger stretched out on his back, under the covers, and wantonly toyed with his penis in the snug warmth of the bed. Secretly, he was glad that Mitchell hadn't made any difficulties.

He heard footsteps on the stairs, and then Andrew came shuffling down the hall. He paused in the doorway. He was naked except for another plaid shirt, which he'd evidently worn to bed; but this time, he hadn't bothered to button it at all, so that it gaped open in front, exposing his hairy chest, flat stomach, and very erect cock to Roger's appreciative view. Roger's fingers squeezed his own dick more urgently under the covers: he had the beginnings of a fierce hard-on, and the sight of Andrew's nudity was more than enough visual stimulation to make his meat swell within his sweaty grip.

"Did you sleep well?" Andrew asked, with a yawn.

"It was fine. Why don't you crawl in here with me?"

"Yeah, why don't I?" Andrew slid into the warm bed beside Roger. He paused only long enough to brush his hair back from his face, then he threw his arm across Roger's chest and kissed him full on the mouth.

Roger responded, open-mouthed, warm-tongued...it was delightful to be kissing a man with a full beard; Andrew's beard was silken against his face, not at all bristly or wiry, and it rustled erotically as it brushed back and forth across his chin and cheeks and lips. As they kissed, Andrew thrust one knee between Roger's thighs, and drew him closer until he was lying almost fully on top of the other man; then he raised his head an inch and gazed into Roger's eyes.

"You left the door open," Roger pointed out with a gasp.

Andrew smiled down at him. "It doesn't matter. The only other guy on this floor is Philip, and he's still out like a light. He didn't get in until five or six A.M. And he wouldn't care, even if he did happen to walk past and see us...doing it."

"Doing what?" Roger teased him.

"Doing this!" Gripping both of Roger's buttocks in his hands, Andrew ground their crotches together, so that his prick rubbed grittily against Roger's; then, exploring Roger's throat and chest with his tongue, he slid down on his torso until Roger felt his surprisingly calloused fingers wrap themselves possessively around his cock, which was fully hard now and pulsating with lewd impatience.

"Do you like to fuck?" Andrew asked.

"I like to fuck—and to get fucked."

"Good! Go ahead and fuck me, then. Fuck my ass for me, man!"

Groaning with anticipation, Roger rolled Andrew over and

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kissed him, frenziedly, at the base of his spine, and then brought his lips down lower and touched the warm skin and hair at the cleft between his buttocks. He wanted to stick his tongue up Andrew's ass and rim him for minutes on end, to get him good and hot and ready for his cock; but prudence prevailed, and after darting out his tongue and giving each of Andrew's buttocks a quick, wet lick, Roger got on all fours on the mattress and reached under the pillow for the K-Y and the package of condoms that Mitchell had placed there when they'd unpacked.

"Fuck me," Andrew repeated breathlessly, squirming lewdly under Roger, who looked down and noticed again what a fine, hard-muscled, clean-limbed body the Canadian stud had.

"Take that goddamn shirt off," Roger growled.

Andrew stripped it off and flung it away, onto the floor beside the bed, and grunted with pure sexual need as Roger's latex-sheathed, well-lubricated cock slid into his asshole. The thick shaft split the two hard, white globular muscles of Andrew's buttocks wide open, and Roger, gasping as his prick sank in deeper, watched the way those butch ass-cheeks quivered and spread themselves for him and tensed in response to his steady thrusting.

"Fuck me!" Andrew yelled.

"You're going to wake up Philip!"

"Fuck Philip! But fuck me first, goddamn you! Oh, shit, your big prick feels so good inside my ass, Roger! It's really filling me up, man! Are all you Americans hung like that?"

Laughing, Roger bent his head down to touch Andrew's ear with his lips, and whispered, "You sure as hell talked a good, hot fuck over the phone, stud; now let's see you live up to it!" He thrust again, harder, and felt the root of his dick disappear inside the other man's sphincter muscle, which squirmed wantonly around its cylindrical bulk. He lay on Andrew's broad back, stroking his beard with his lips and tongue and fingers, and began to hump him, thrusting from the hips to plunge his erection fully into Andrew's yielding asshole each time as his sperm gathered force within him.

"Come in my ass," Andrew gasped.

"Are you just about there? Are you going to come?" Roger moaned. Andrew's only response was a tense quiver down the flat, solid muscles of his broad back; simultaneously, his asshole contracted sharply around the rutting bulk of his fucker's hot, hard prick, the sudden, unexpected pressure sending a rush of liquid fire through Roger's loins. He was going to come!

"Christ!" he heard himself screaming, as the tip of the condom on his cock ballooned from the abrupt surge of fuck fluid that filled it and remained trapped inside the latex sheath, soaking his dick in its own slippery jism.

"Christ!" Andrew echoed him, his voice now raw and shrill. "You're coming, aren't you , stud? I can feel it...swelling inside my ass...jerking back and forth...so good...oh, fuck, I'm coming—I'm coming, too! Yeah!"

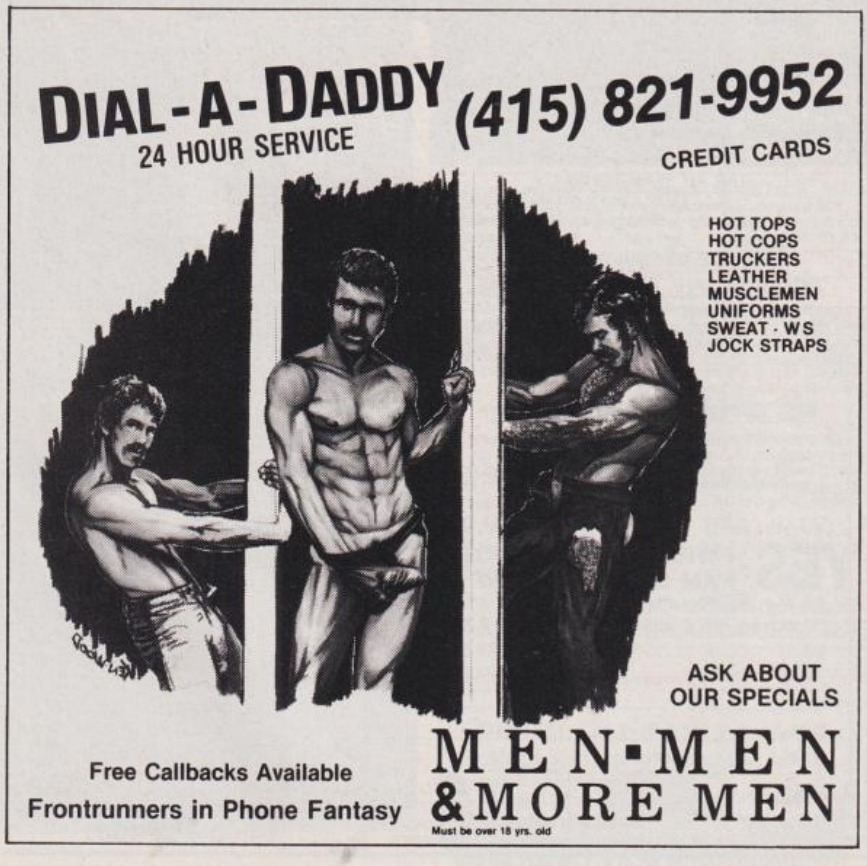
As both men collapsed on the bed, Roger's cock still firmly implanted far up inside Andrew's twitching ass, they heard muffled laughter from the doorway behind them. Lazily, they turned their heads—and saw Mitchell *and* Philip standing there, gaping at them, and obviously very turned on by the show!

"Fucking perverts!" Roger growled.

"My thought, exactly!" Mitchell retorted, with a laugh.

Andrew squirmed luxuriantly under Roger, enjoying the continued presence of his cock in his butt. "Never mind them. Oh, and by the way—if I forgot to say it before—welcome to Canada."

Roger, ignoring the two horny voyeurs for the time being, kissed his host passionately on his bearded cheek as he began to hump himself back and forth inside his anal canal again, enjoying the sensation of the squishy, self-lubricated condom sliding back and forth over his hotly-agitated, still-stiff prick. "Thanks, Andrew. I'm really enjoying your idea of Canadian hospitality!" ■



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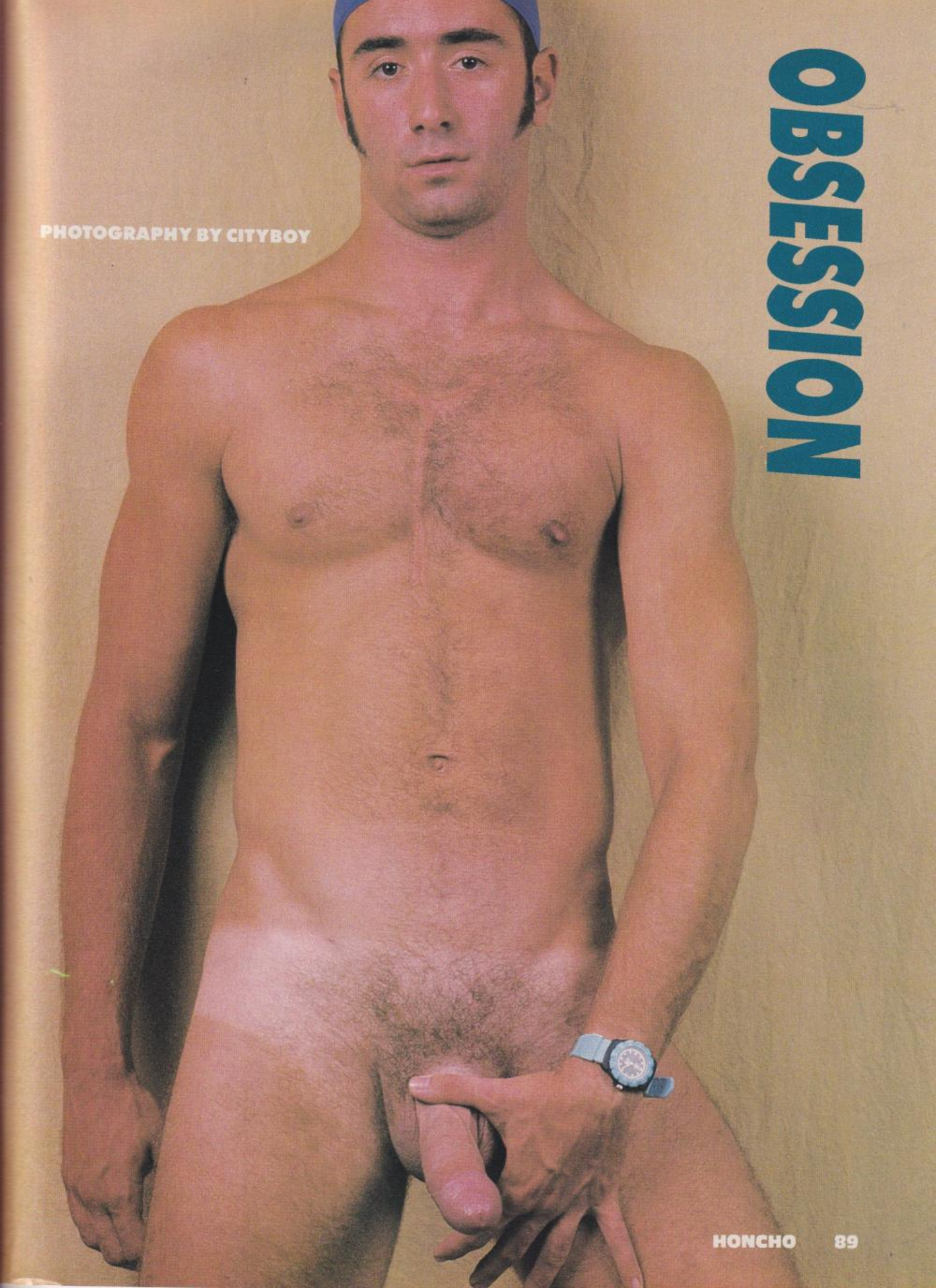

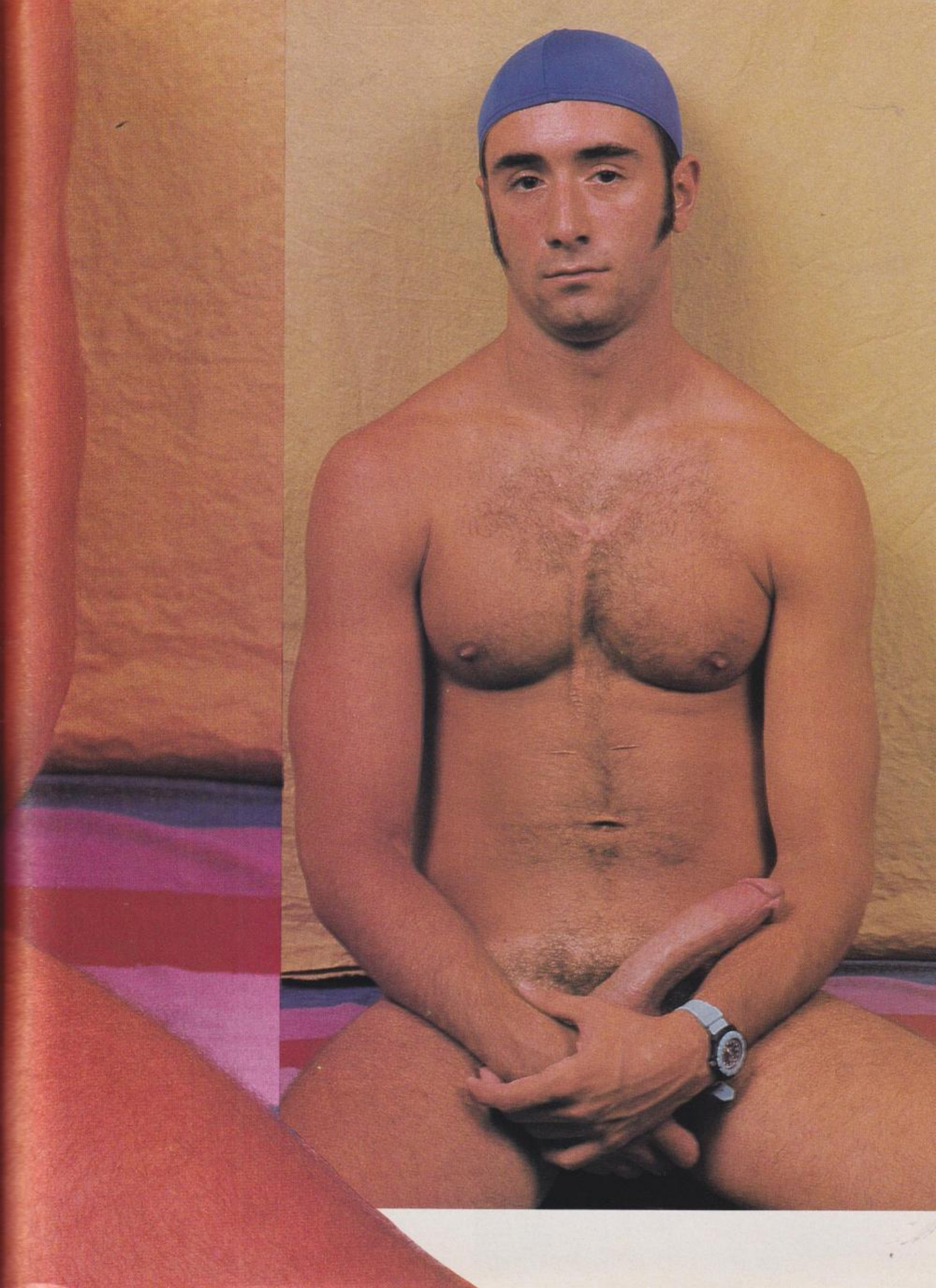

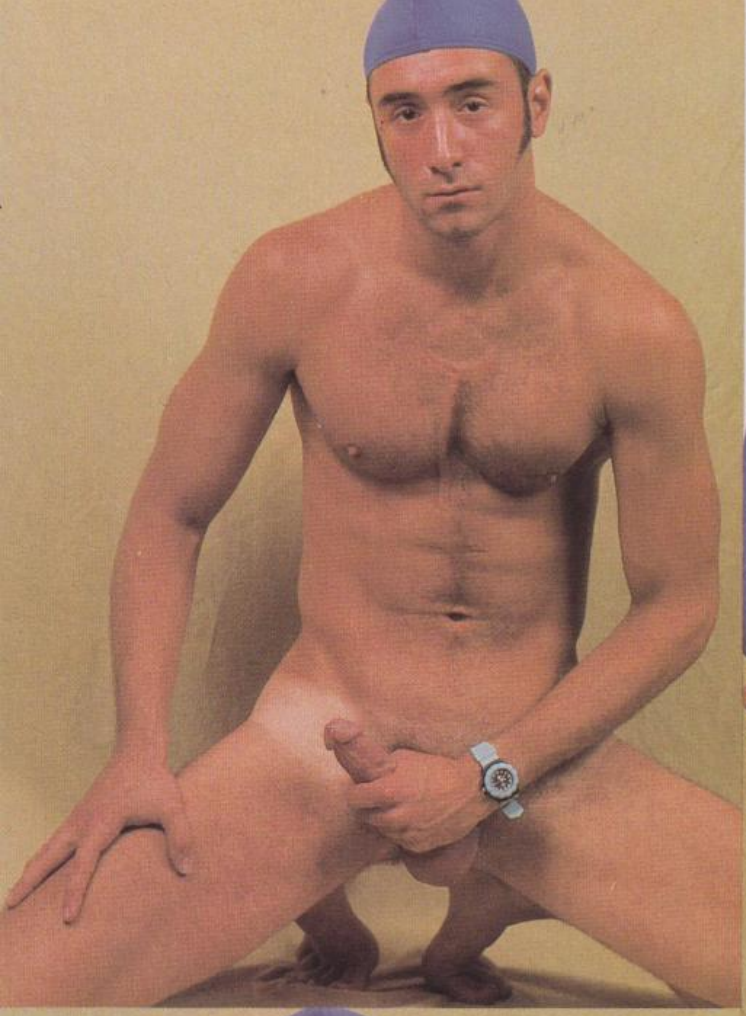

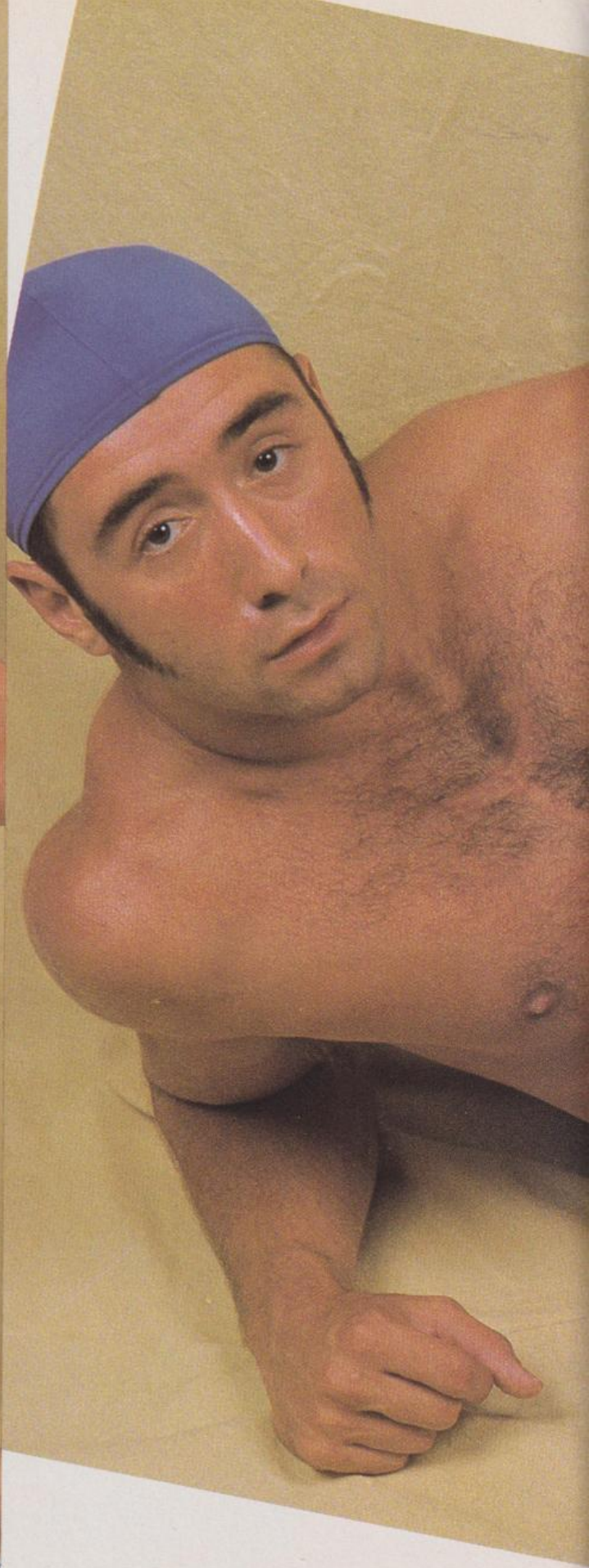

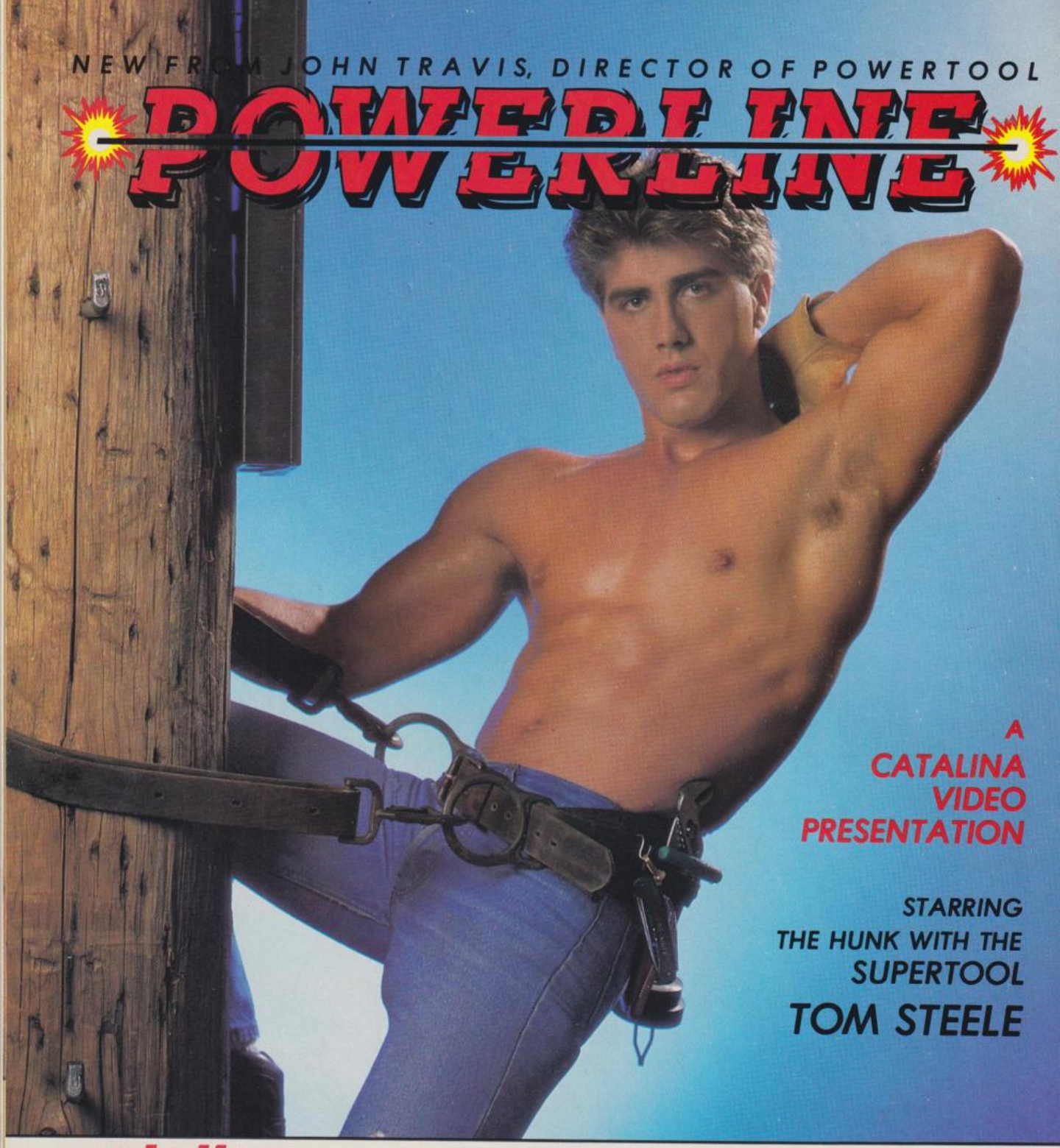

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